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June 20th 1577.

Richard Holmden.









HILLINGDON HALL;

OR,

THE COCKNEY SQUIRE;

A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“HANDLEY CROSS,” &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

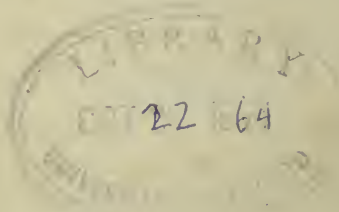
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HILLINGDON HALL;

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A TALE OF COUNTRY LIFE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ You, who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise the ungrateful luxury of the town.”

UNDER a spacious hay-rick, pitched beneath what had been a couple of ground feathering spruce of gigantic size, now trimmed half way up to admit the awning, sat Mrs. Jorrocks in stately pride, decked out like a tragedy queen, surrounded by her school girls in their Swiss costumes—white bedgowns, with scarlet petticoats, set off with large horse-hair bustles, pink stockings, and large flat-crowned straw hats, looking as unlike nature

as anything could do. Mrs. Jorrocks wore a splendid red and white turban, entwined with enormous bands of sham pearls, and a bird-of-paradise feather reclining gracefully over the left ear, and sundry mosaic chains, necklaces, bracelets and locketts about her shoulders and arms. Her dress was of many-coloured muslin, done in tiers like house-slatting ; next her dumpy waist came a pea-green tier, immediately below it a bright yellow, followed by red, then a sky blue, and a white, fringed with broad black lace at the bottom. Each tier was understood to be a separate affair, though, as we did not dissect her, of course we cannot speak confidently on that point. The presumption, however, is that it was so, for she “ stood out,” looking like a rainbow dumpling.

Tea had been liberally supplied to the ladies at their pleasure, some of whom loitered in the tent with Mrs. Jorrocks, instead of taking advantage of the balmy fragrance of the summer’s evening, and wandering about in the sweet air, loaded with the perfume of jessamine, roses, and the lime-tree flowers. The little folk, too, had been entertained with amusements becoming their juvenile years, and several bluff little urchins

wandered about the shrubberies with stained faces and clothes, got by blobbing in a treacle barrel for halfpence ; while shouts of laughter rent the air from the far side of the enclosure, as boy after boy came sliding down a greasy pole, at the top of which was stuck an inviting leg of mutton, or a soapy-tailed pig eluded the grasp of a clown, and upset a fair lady or two as, grunting, it dived among the crowd.

The appearance of the dinner party added fresh impetus to the scene, and a course being formed down a smooth green alley, several of the village nymphs contended in a race for a petticoat, after which Mr. Jorrocks and a select party of friends, being blindfolded, tried their hands at a wheel-barrow race, and either from the novelty of the situation, or the confusion consequent on the drink they had taken, they severally landed at very different places to what they intended. Others then tried their hands with like success, and Joshua Sneakington being inveigled into an attempt, was deluded by the false cries of the boys in a wrong direction, and before he knew where he was, was soused over head in the pond. Out he came like a drowned rat, blowing, and

spluttering, with a green sort of net all over his person, formed by the slime and the weeds of the surface. Great was the joy at the sight, for Joshua was thoroughly detested. Even Mr. Jor-rocks joined in the mirth his appearance created.

Twilight now drew on, and the sultry heat of the day was succeeded by a cool refreshing dew. The dining-room having been cleared of its tables and furniture, showed lights in various directions, enticing the company back to the house. The Marquis, who had been in waiting on Mrs. Jor-rocks since his appearance in the garden, was now seen wending his way along with her on his arm. The fiddlers were scraping their catgut on the spot where the side-board recently stood, and the flute player was sucking and licking the joints of his flute, as if he was extremely fond of it. The appearance of the hostess, followed as she was by a train of her big-bustled girls, was the signal for the musicians to begin, and accordingly they struck up the usual "See the conquering hero comes," though who was the hero, or whom he had been conquering, seemed somewhat problematical.

"We are to have a dance, are we?" said the Marquis, as they approached the window, "I'm glad of that, I wish Miss Flather had been here."

"Miss Flatther's engaged at 'ome," observed Mrs. Jorrocks, rejoicing that she had *done* her. "Who would you like to dance with?" added she, sidling through the sash.

"Won't you allow me the honour of opening the ball with you?" asked the Marquis.

"Thank you, my lordship, I'm only a werry poor dancer; howsomever I'll try my 'and; only it's werry 'ot work. Jun," said she, goin' up to her spouse and giving him a shake of the shoulder, "get your partner, and let's set to. Who are you a goin' to dance with?"

Mr. Jorrocks had booked Mrs. Trotter, who, decked in a rich green and yellow Ancoat Vale velvet, made extremely tight, and short at the shoulder, and peaked at the waist with a cord and large tassels, as if to tie her up with, now responded to his summons, and stationed herself next Mrs. Jorrocks.

"She's a grand 'un, isn't she?" asked Mr. Jorrocks in a subdued tone—at least a subdued tone for him, with a nudge of the elbow in his lordship's ribs, and a nod of his head forwards. "Clean made, hupright, clever-action'd thing; what a harm she's got! *you see her step.*"


A long line of dancers had now fallen in, and

the Marquis began to be puzzled what to do. Twice the leash of musicians ran over the White Cockade without their getting away, at length Mr. Jorrocks, anxious to foot it, said, "I think you'd better start next time."

"I don't know what it is!" exclaimed the Marquis in alarm.

"Vy, a country dance to be sure," said Mr. Jorrocks, "'ands across and back again, down the middle and hup again; simple as can be, nothin' simpler, there, see our ould gal 'ill put you in the way of it; off you go!" said Mr. Jorrocks, stamping with his foot and clapping his hands; Mrs. Jorrocks seizing the Marquis by the hand, and the three setting him a going, just as willing coach horses start a restive comrade, pulling him along in fact.

The figure was soon learnt, and the Marquis and Mrs. Jorrocks bumped and danced most vigorously up and down, turning every couple till they got through the last juvenile pair at the end, and our now profusely-perspiring hostess leant against the wall and mopped herself. Presently her place was wanted by another couple, and gradually, by dint of turning and elbowing, they again accomplished the top of the dance.



The Marquis, whose eyes had been attracted in going down by a graceful sylph-like figure, about the middle of the dance, now availed himself of the opportunity of inquiring who the beautiful dark-eyed girl, in white muslin with a broad blue sash, was.

“A tallish gal do you mean,” inquired Mrs. Jorrocks, “with werry black eyes?”

“This one,” said the Marquis, “with the swan-like head and neck; just dancing towards us,” pointing to a couple approaching from the bottom of the dance.

“O that’s Eliza,” said Mrs. Jorrocks; “werry pretty gal she is too, good gal too, nice modest gal, beautiful figure, all nattural. P’r’aps you’d like to dance with her.”

“Yes, I should very much,” replied the Marquis, who now stood admiring her richly-fringed, downcast eyes, and clear Italian complexion. “She certainly *is* an uncommon pretty girl,” observed his Lordship confidentially to Mrs. Jorrocks.

“And as good as she’s pretty,” observed our hostess, who, without any particular partiality for the Trotters, was willing to use Eliza for the purpose of extinguishing Emma.

We will not make Eliza so unwomanly as to prefer Jack Smith of the Hill Farm, whom she was then dancing with, to his lordship; but the unexpected demand, and novelty of her situation, drew such a mantling blush over her beautiful features when the Marquis was presented to her as further ingratiated her in his favour. Finding he was nothing very awful, she gradually recovered courage, and turning her large lustrous languishing eyes upon him, she whispered forth such sweet silvery notes as perfectly enchanted him. We will not say how often they danced together.

Capricious youth! Morning's dawn found the finely-rounded figure, greyish blue eyes, and alabaster-like complexion of Emma Flather, banished from the Marquis's recollection—at all events, completely eclipsed by the graceful form and Italian skin of the beautiful dark-eyed Eliza. That is the worst of these young men; they are so very fickle, you never know where you have them. Mammas have terrible times with them, for they are scarcely to be trusted out of sight, and the only way of securing them is by tying them up tight (matrimonially of course) as quick as ever they can. They are easily caught, but as easily lost.

The Marquis was desperately smitten. This he candidly admitted to himself, and there is no mistake when a man does that. He tossed and tumbled about in bed, bemoaning the inequality that prevented his thinking of her. That was a step beyond what he had got with Emma, his ideas respecting her never having got further than the degree of simple flirtation—flirtation that he might be carrying on with half a dozen girls in different parts of the country at the same time.

The result of the Marquis's musings was that though he knew that it was very naughty and very dangerous too, he would spend that day with Mr. Jorrocks. Accordingly, when Adolphe made his appearance in his bed-room, he inquired about the state of his wardrobe, and finding that he had about as many clothes as would serve a moderate man a week, he resolved on sounding his farmer friend whether it would be convenient to keep him.

Of course it was, and Mrs. Jorrocks, like all women, being uncommonly quick at smelling a rat, as soon as ever she got her tea-caddy locked after breakfast, and the dinner ordered, put on her bonnet and shawl, and went to the Trotters to

bid them spend the day and dine at the Hall. Need we say that she went a little further, and dropped in at the Manse? Assuredly not, for the triumph would not have been complete without. With what eagerness she watched the countenance of mother and daughter as with becoming circumlocution and embellishment she detailed the doings of the previous evening—how delightful the Markis had been—how genteel he was—and her decided conviction that he was *desperately* smitten with Eliza. Neither could she resist the additional mortification of adding, that she expected her to spend the day to meet the Marquis, which must be an apology for her hurried visit.

Poor Mrs. Flather! Never were such unwelcome tidings conveyed with such apparent indifference; and it was only a pretty intimate knowledge of the sex, that made Mrs. Flather sensible of the cutting cruelty of Mrs. Jorrocks's conduct. A man would have thought it odd, a "curious coincidence," telling a mother whose daughter had had designs on a man; but ladies know each other better.

Cobbett, who understood the sex well, was fully

conscious of their discrimination. "Women," he said, "are much quicker sighted than men; they are more suspicious as to motives, and less liable to be deceived by professions and protestations; they watch words with a more scrutinizing ear, and looks with a keener eye; and making due allowance for their prejudices, their opinions ought not to be set at nought without great deliberation." Still, though all women know this perfectly well, they can't help *playing* at deceiving each other.

Mrs. Flather knew what Mrs. Jorrocks came about just as well as Mrs. Jorrocks knew herself; and Mrs. Jorrocks knew that Mrs. Flather knew that she did, just as well as if she had told her. However, *vive la humbug*!

Now, Mr. Jorrocks was not at all quick at smelling a rat—at least not unless the rat was after some of his bacon; and moreover, being tolerably conceited, he concluded the Marquis had prolonged his visit from sheer enamourment of himself, and cut out quite a different day's work to that of his missis, and quite contrary to what would have suited his lordship. Having got the breakfast disposed of, and the usual stare out of

window and lounge about the door that follows that repast in the country, Mr. Jorrocks looked at the Marquis's paper boots, and proposed investing him in a pair of his thick shoes for what he called a "stretch" across country seven or eight miles, to see "a fine ball"—a bull being the object of Mr. Jorrocks's ambition at that time. The Marquis was horrified—such a walk would be the death of him—such a sultry day too. Besides, he knew nothing about bulls, and had talked farming nonsense enough over night to serve him some time—better keep himself cool—take a stroll about the grounds—see the garden, and admire the beauties of the place.

Mr. Jorrocks started off alone.

Towards the afternoon Mrs. Jorrocks and Mrs. Trotter were seen wending their way up the village of Hillingdon at that usual flirtation encouraging distance which all mammas know so well how to measure, followed, of course, by Eliza and the Marquis at a proper elbow-touching, side-bumping sort of space. Mind, *not* arm in arm. What the old women talked about is immaterial—perhaps they didn't talk at all, but kept their ears cocked back to try what they could catch

from the conversation of the juvenile pair in the rear.

It would puzzle a short-hand writer to make sentences of what the Marquis and Eliza said; it was so mixed, so general, and so broken by such pleasing interruptions from the stares of the villagers and the dazzling novelty of her situation as her luminous dark eyes met the Marquis's flashing blue ones. Suffice it to say, they were both very happy, and their conversation, if not very enlightening, was very agreeable to each other. But let us take a glance at the Manse.

Mrs. Flather could have eat Mrs. Jorrocks—whether she could have digested her or not is another thing, for she declared she *always* thought her a disagreeable-looking woman, and now “perfectly disgusting.” The conduct of parties has a great deal to do with their looks. If they are *for* us, let them be ever so ugly, there is always a certain something in their favour; whereas, if they are *against* us, the best-looking are little better than monsters in our eyes. Mrs. Flather, as we said before, could have eat Mrs. Jorrocks.

Emma was desperately hurt too; for though cold-blooded, calculating, and passionless, and

willing to jump from one suitor to another, as she would from one dress to another, just as the "turn of the market," as Mr. Jorrocks would say, seemed in his favour, still she could not be insensible of the value of attentions from a man like the Marquis, even though they went no further than "attentions;" but, in her case, she thought she had fair legitimate claims, if not a downright hold upon him. Indeed, the line of policy to be pursued in consequence of what had passed at Donkeyton Castle had occupied mother and daughter many anxious hours both by day and by night, and nothing but the natural pride and delicacy of their sex, of which they both had a large stock in theory, prevented their making a crusade against the Castle. It would have been a grand sight to see the old Duke blundering to a conception of what they were after, and bowing them out with all the dignity of offended pride. "*A duchess* forsooth!" he would say, as he saw them bundling away in their rattle-trap.

The question now was, whether to go holdly down and demand the Marquis, or try what a little circumventing would do. Had the engagement been satisfactorily ratified by the Duke and

Duchess, Mrs. Flather would have had no hesitation in demanding the Marquis, or, at all events, in writing to his "Ma," to bid her come and look after her boy; but that confounded old marplot, Mr. Jorrocks, if our readers remember, interposed his troublesome old person at the critical moment that Mrs. Flather was bringing the Duke to book. The Flathers clearly saw the mistake in their policy had been snubbing the Jorrocks's, by which they had not only set the Jorrocks's against them, but had played them into the hands of the Trotters. They censured themselves, but protested nobody could foresee the turn the agricultural concern had taken. They should have nailed the Marquis at the moment, and never given him a chance of getting into the hands of the Trotters; had a regular understanding with the Duke—pocketed their delicacy in fact. Mr. Jorrocks, Mrs. Flather thought, would befriend her; but time pressed, and perhaps she could not lay hold of him; and then the affair was more in the ladies' department, and there was little to hope from Mrs. Jorrocks, who had stolen the Marquis from them. The thing was how to get him back; a man's

never fairly lost till he's church'd. The only plan was to pique him—play some one off against him. In these emergencies, very forlorn hopes are sometimes resorted to—in short, anything in the shape of a man. Mrs. Flather and Emma were too good generals to be left totally destitute, and James Blake, whom we have already slightly introduced to our readers, was raked up for the enviable appointment of cat's-paw. James was one of those desperately over-righteous, cushion-thumping, jump-Jim-Crow breed of parsons, so sanctified that he could hardly suffer the light of heaven to shine upon him, and he ate cold roast potatoes to save his servant the sin of cooking on the Sunday.

Well, James Blake, like many weak young men, was desperately violent. He had preached two sermons that had enraptured all the servant maids, and astonished the quiet going people. As the chemist said, "they were full of sulphur." Common people like to be d——d in heaps.

James was fished up to rescue the Marquis from the clutches of the designing Mrs. Trotter—not by the persuasive eloquence of his tongue, or the admonitions of a Christian minister, but

simply by being "played off" against his lordship. It may seem an odd game to men, but it is a very popular one among women.

Since the visit to Donkeyton, James had been nearly discarded, at least they had commenced the operation of "letting him down gently;" now, however, they had to draw him up again at short notice, and we hope our fair readers will not close the volume in disgust when we say how they set about it. We know they will say it was very wrong—shockingly indelicate—improbable! perhaps impossible!—and we fully agree with them—only mind, fair ladies, that you don't do it yourselves some time.

Emma dressed herself in what she thought her most bewitching attire—white chip bonnet with a bunch of blue flowers inside, and the new blue silk dress she had got for her visit to Donkeyton Castle, with clean white kid gloves, and uncommonly well put on patent leather shoes, and open cotton stockings—so smart, indeed, that she a good deal over did it for the country. Thus attired, with a blue and white Chinese-shaped parasol over her head, mamma and she repaired to James's lodgings, to invite him to take tea with

them that evening ; and if they happened to find him at home, they—or rather Mrs. Flather, for they had a great deal of propriety between them—would ask him to come out and take a walk.

Emma's dress was not exactly the thing, perhaps, to angle for a tight-laced, sanctified parson in, but then she had higher game in view ; and even as it was, we question whether James, with all his sanctity, would not rather give her absolution for looking so bewitching to *him*, than have had her come down in a little puritanical print, with a Dunstable straw on her head : stiff-backed parsons are but flesh and blood, notwithstanding all their thunder, sulphur, and pretension. It so happened that James was mixing his sulphur for Sunday, and was sitting, as many parsons do, in his back-room, *sans* neckcloth, in his dressing gown and slippers ; and the stiff tapper of the door not making a greater noise than a crockery vender or other itinerant merchant might aspire to, he unceremoniously opened it himself, and stood before the beauty and her mamma in all the homeliness of that comfortable costume.

The parson blushed to find himself in such a situation, but the offer of Emma's soft ungloved

hand, and the bewitching beauty of her smile, put all straight, and drove her right back in his affections. He very soon had on a stiff white starcher, his best black coat and waistcoat, Wellington boots, Sunday hat, and—we blush to add—a pair of lavender-coloured kid gloves. Altogether he was a very passable swell.

Mother and daughter then joined arms, and the mid-day sun being obscured by a passing cloud, Emma put down her parasol, and turned the whole battery of her attractions upon the young parson—now trotting by her side. Her eyes glistened, her alabaster complexion assumed a slight roseate hue, her pearly teeth shone resplendent between her cherry lips; and she really looked remarkably handsome and kissable. The poor parson was vanquished—he forgot all her transgressions; all her cold looks, all her stiff bows, all her iniquitous piano playing, all her still more flagrant dereliction in dancing. We really believe he could not have refused to dine with them off hot meat the next Sunday. All powerful woman kind!

Thus they proceeded towards the village of Hillingdon, and as they turned down the street, and

Emma's vivacity was at its height, and her countenance more than usually brilliant—for hers was a beauty that required lighting up—who should they meet but the “Hall” party progress-upwards, as already described. Nothing could be better.

They met with all the extra ardour of people cordially detesting each other. Mrs. Jorrocks was so *werry* sorry Mrs. Flather couldn't come (never having asked her); and Mrs. Flather was as *much* obliged to Mrs. Jorrocks for her kindness in thinking of her; and Mrs. Trotter smiled as she looked at the Marquis and her daughter; and Emma clung to the parson, as she greeted his lordship with the freedom of an old friend. Altogether it was a most charming business-like meeting; and if each had not the satisfaction of thinking they had “done” the other, at all events they had the gratification of feeling they had done their best to attempt it.

The sequel is soon told.—The next day the Marquis's brougham was seen standing at Mrs. Flather's door, and no sooner was it gone than Mrs. Flather went down the “town” to tell Mrs. Trotter and Mrs. Jorrocks in “confidence,

to go no further of course, for Emma wouldn't like to have it mentioned,"—that she had reason to think the Marquis was about to become her son-in-law; while Mrs. Trotter was busy paying a similar visit to the Manse, "urged by a strong sense of what was due between friends," to make Mrs. Flather acquainted with a similar conviction on her part.

The post-mistress observed that the Hillingdon letter-bag was fuller than usual that evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ He’s a justice of peace in his country, simple though
I stand here.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ The remainder of the crown was settled on the heirs of the Princess Sophia, the Electress of Hanover; but what this remainder was, when some one else had got it all, we leave our arithmetically-disposed readers to calculate.”—PUNCH’S *Comic Blackstone*.

ON the Marquis’s arrival at home, he reported so favourably of the Jorrockses and the pleasure he had derived from his visit to Hillingdon Hall, that the Duke and Duchess of Donkeyton were quite taken with their conduct. They made no doubt they were most worthy respectable people, with considerable influence. A few days afterwards Mr. Jorrock received the following note from his Grace:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I beg to return Mrs. Jorrocks and yourself the Duchess of Donkeyton’s and my thanks for your attention to the Marquis of Bray, who I assure you feels extremely gratified by his visit to Hillingdon Park.

“In looking at the arrangements of the county, I see there is no magistrate in your immediate neighbourhood since the lamented death of Mr. Westbury; and it occurred to me that it might perhaps be agreeable to you, and beneficial to the public service, if you were placed in the commission of the peace. Should it be so, and you will have the kindness to notify such your desire to me, I beg to say I shall have great pleasure in submitting your name for the approval of the Lord Chancellor. With the repeated expression of our thanks, and with the Duchess’ and my compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks,

“I remain, dear sir,

“Yours, very obediently,

“DONKEYTON,

“Donkeyton Castle.

“*G. Jorrocks, Esq., Hillingdon Park.*”

Joy shows itself in various ways. Some people run and kiss their wives, some shout, some sing, some dance, some cry, some kick their hat crowns out, some get blazing drunk, some throw money about, while a few fall on their knees and return thanks.

Mr. Jorrocks's joy generally went off in a few clumsy pirouettes on alternate legs, and then a sudden subsidence into contemplative reflection in his great arm-chair. Our friend having indulged in a few of his usual antics, sunk, letter in hand, into its roomy recesses, and gave his memory a refresher through the byegone days of life.

He then rang the bell for Benjamin.

"Binjimin," said he, as soon as the latter appeared, with his usual hang-gallows countenance, for he had just been robbing the larder; "Binjimin," repeated Mr. Jorrocks, not knowing exactly how to begin, "Binjimin," said he, for the third time, "greatness has come down upon me this mornin' in a shower—a regular clothes-basketful of honour."

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"That great man, the Duke o' Donkeyton, has

appointed me one of her Majesty's jesticcs o' the peace."

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"And, Binjimin, you have always been an honest, sober, meritorious, and industrious servant, and wirtue shall not be its own reward in your case—I'll make you my clerk."

"Crikey O!" exclaimed Benjamin, clapping his dirty hands.

"But," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing his dirty paws, "now that you will 'ave to do with pen and ink and wite paper, you must contrive to keep your hands clean."

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"Also your mug," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"And talking of mugs," continued Mr. Jorrocks, "now that we are worshipful, it becomes us to be grave and respectable lookin'. You are goin' to be advanced to a post of honour and distinction above your years, therefore it will be necessary to endeavour to make your years come up to the post, as the post will not come down to your years. I shall, therefore, get you a Welsh wig, and a pair of green specs, also an usher's

gown, so that when you sit below me in the justice room, you may have an imposin' and venerable appearance, and may awe the waggabones by your looks."

"I think a big vip would be better," observed Benjamin, not relishing being made a Guy of.

"A big vip's a good thing in its way, Bin-jimin," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "but a wig's the thing for strikin' awe into the be'older. It's an old sayin', that there were ten men 'ung for every inch they curtailed in the judges' wigs. Howsomever, you *must* wear one," observed Mr. Jorrocks determinedly, and Benjamin, knowing it was no use resisting, quietly withdrew, to communicate his elevation to Betsey, leaving his master ruminating in his arm chair.

Joshua Sneakington was next sent for, and after somewhat of a similar prologue, was invested with the order of constable—an order exceedingly to his mind, as it gave him legal authority to bully the township.

Our old friend, Bill Bowker, was next written to, with similar information, and a request that he would rummage the book stalls for a second-hand copy of Burn, Mr. Jorrocks being determined to

do justice in the old-fashioned way—substantial justice—every man his own clerk. Bill was still touring for the “League,” on a “diminishing-influence salary.” But we have forgotten to give Mr. Jorrocks’s reply to the Duke. It was as follows :

“MY LORD DUKE,

“I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your agreeable letter, and note the contents. I will not, my Lord Duke, indulge in the episcopal language of mock ‘umility, and say, ‘nolo beakopari,’ but I will use the language of J. J., and say, I shall be werry much obliged to your Lordship to make me a beak. I looks upon a beak as the greatest of men ! He says to number a hundred and one, ‘You go and catch me a waggabone,’ and forthwith he grabs a man called John Brown. ‘Now John,’ says his worship, ‘you’re an interminable rogue, you’ve been arter my fizzants and my ‘ares, and I’ll transport you to all eternity.’ Then he axes him what he has got for to say ; and John tells his story, and his worship orders him off to the ‘ulks. But I need not inform your Grace of all the greatness that

belongs to the grand order of beak; how they sit with their hats on, how they order people out o' court, and how they return thanks for their healths at farmers' dinners, and expound the grand duties and dignities of beaks. All this I shall be most happy to do, and, therefore, not to trouble your Grace unnecessarily on the subject, I shall only add, that the sooner you makes me a beak, the sooner I shall begin to 'execute jestice and maintain truth.' Not that I thinks the truth will be werry easily maintained, for, betwixt you and I and the wall, people lie uncommon 'ard when they can get anything by it. Howsomever, never mind that: and so with the respectful compliments of Mrs. Jorrocks and myself to her Grace and the Marquis, I have the honour to subscribe myself, my Lord Duke, yours to serve,

JOHN JORROCKS,

not

G. JORROCKS."

Hillingdon-Hall, not Park.

The Duke was rather shocked when he got this epistle, for though he knew Mr. Jorrocks was not very refined, still he did not expect finding him

making such a "hash" of himself upon paper. However, the mischief was done; he had offered to make him a magistrate, and could not now back out without giving offence. Moreover, Mr. Jorrocks was a Whig.

In due time, an intimation arrived from the Clerk of the Peace, that her Majesty had been pleased to approve of the insertion of Mr. Jorrocks's name in the commission of the peace, and that he could take the oaths at any adjourned session, if he would give the clerk a week's notice. Accordingly, our hero returned answer that he was ready to take the oaths immediately, and would attend at the next sessions for the purpose.

Mr. Jorrocks, many years before, ere fame had marked him for her own, had been "hawl'd up," as the saying is, for a little poaching trespass, and had imbibed his first impression of a county justice from the one before whom he was taken, or rather before whom the case was ultimately tried at the Croydon sessions, for our hero appealed against the original conviction. From this suburban beak—Mr. Tomkins, of Tomkins, near Croydon—Mr. Jorrocks drew his first impression what a solemn magistrate should be like, and,

overhauling his wardrobe, our worthy friend converted himself as near as he could into the prototype of his great original. First, he floured his wig—powder he would not use, because he had no notion of being taxed for his consequence ; and he gave his blue coat collar a dash behind, as though it had been done by the rolling of a pig-tail. His blue coat and buff waistcoat were both his best, and a pair of antediluvian leather breeches, much cut and slashed about the waist and knees, met a pair of exceedingly scratched mahogany tops, adorned with a pair of heavy lacklustre spurs. Thus attired, with Benjamin in a suit of plain clothes, converted out of some of his master's cast-offs, beside him, and Joshua Sneakington, in his Sunday apparel, in the seat behind, magistrate, clerk, and constable set off for the ancient town of Sellborough, in the old rattle-trap fire-engine-looking carriage, drawn by Mr. Jorrocks's horse, the renowned Dickey Cobden.

Sellborough, as its name would imply, was formerly a parliamentary borough ; but having had the misfortune of being Schedule A'd, it had lost a considerable part of its commerce and consequence. It was a drowsy-looking place—a wide,

scrambling, sort of town, forming something like a square, with little off-shoot streets, starting off in all directions. There were two churches and two parsonage houses, enclosed with high walls, among trees, and the usual sort of store shops—grocers selling ribbons and British wines, book-sellers dealing in candles and confectionary, and milliners in soap and crockery-ware. Trade there was none, save on a market day, and that was purely agricultural produce, varied, perhaps, by an itinerant hawker and pedlar pitching his cart and selling his edgeless knives and pointless needles—pointless as his jokes—by auction. It had also its two inns—Whig and Tory—which was about the only vestige of the “good old times” that remained. The “Duke’s Head,” of course, was the Whig house—the “Crown and Sceptre,” the Tory. We need hardly say the “Duke’s Head” was the Duke of Donkeyton’s, for as in London there is but “one Duke,” so in the country the “Duke’s Head” always denotes the caput of the great man of the district. The “Duke’s Head” was then in the ascendant, as appeared by the newly-painted green window-shutters, and a booted postboy lounging about the

door in conversation with a crooked-legged ostler. It is very odd how many hangers-on there are about inns, with a leg on a curve. Mr. Jorrocks's rattle-trap, bumping and jingling over the grass-grown cobble-stone pavement, drew countless ringlets to the windows, a noise of any sort being a real god-send to the young ladies of Sellborough, who were terribly moped. A race and a new-year's-eve ball were all the gaiety they could raise in the year, and men were lamentably scarce. This is generally the case in towns without trade; the young men leave them as soon as they are fledged, in search of more bustling places, from whence they are seldom suffered to return—*single*.

The Court-House was in the centre of the town, raised on stone pillars above the old shambles of the market-place—a place containing, perhaps, a dozen stalls; and hither our hero repaired, after he had seen Dickey Cobden put up, attended by his suite.

The Court was in full flower when Mr. Jorrocks entered. The Chairman, a red-hot Tory, sat with his hat on, with three brother Tories on his right, and a solitary Whig on his left. This was Captain Bluster, a most unpalatable Magistrate, who had

thrown the Tory bench into convulsions when he appeared, about a year before, to take the oaths. There is nothing so sensitive as a bench of Magistrates. With the exception of those who take their seats as a matter of course, and who elevate the office, rather than the office elevating them, the envy, jealousy, and detraction that take place on the appearance of a new comer, is truly ridiculous. Each questionable occupant man feels himself personally in jured—*lower'd*. Gentlemen who were scouted when they came, now scout with double vigour in return.

Captain Bluster was a fine instance of the scouting principle. All eyes were turned up with horror when he came. It was a downright insult to the bench. The Lord-Lieutenant must wish to drive all gentlemen from it. Captain Bluster!—late master of a trader—now dealer in “pigs, treacle, and all other game,” as the song says, to be forced upon them—it was not to be borne. *They would all resign.*

We wonder how many benches have threatened to do the same.

However, Captain Bluster was not to be put down. Indeed, he was one of those coarse-minded,

hard-bitten, vulgar beggars, that cannot understand any coolness short of a kick, and had horrified the Sellborough bench so by his forward impudence, that several had left it altogether, and the Captain seemed likely to have it all to himself, when the Lord-Lieutenant intimated that he should be obliged to make some more magistrates, if they did not pull better together. This had the desired effect, and the Tory tide was on the return, when Mr. Jorrocks again raised the storm.

If a man goes into Guildhall—at a session, for an instance—he cannot help being struck with the resemblance there is among the loose purple-robed, white-faced, flabby, live turtle-looking things ranged on each side of the chair, called Aldermen or Common Councilmen, that all look as if they were made in the same mould ; and a similar resemblance runs through mankind generally, breaking them into classes. There was a strong sort of likeness between Mr. Jorrocks and Captain Bluster—so strong, that any one at a glance would say, “ Those men are of the same breed.” Not that they were like when you came to compare their faces, but the style and general

appearance were the same; the same bull heads, the same big, broad backs, the same great clumsy limbs, the same manner, or want of manner. In point of looks, Mr. Jorrocks had the advantage, the twinkle of his cheerful eye and humorous expression of his countenance, giving an air of good nature to his face; while Captain Bluster's coarse bristley-red hair, stiff scrubbing-brush looking whiskers under his chin, freckled face, ferrety eyes, broad, flat-ended, snub nose, and thick-lipped mouth, gave him a very bull-dog sort of air. The general harshness of his appearance was heightened by a blue coat and metal buttons, ugly spotted waistcoat on a buff ground, blue trousers, and "high-lows."

An evident shudder ran along the Tory end of the bench, as Mr. Jorrocks entered at the other, and all eyes were turned upon the new Justice. The Chairman, who was just disposing of a case, made Mr. Jorrocks a very low bow; and the Clerk, having produced a great skin of parchment, and informed their worships that there was a gentleman going to take the oaths—forthwith turned to Mr. Jorrocks for the purpose of administering

them, amid half-suppressed expressions of disgust from the bench. “Downright insult!—Resign to-night! — Political purpose! — Disgrace to the country!—Greasy old chandler!—The Duke must be mad.”

Mr. Jorrocks, having taken the book in his right hand, proceeded to repeat, after the Clerk, the following oath:—

“I, John Jorrocks, do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria: so help me God.” And thereupon he gave the testament a hearty smack.

“Please to repeat after me again,” said the Clerk—

“I, John Jorrocks, do swear that I do from my heart obor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position that Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever. And I do declare that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, supe-

riority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm: so help me God."

"No more they ought," observed Mr. Jorrocks, kissing the book.

"Now, again," said the clerk, commencing with a third oath—

"I, John Jorrocks, do truly and sincerely acknowledge, profess, testify, and declare, in my conscience, before God and the world, that our Sovereign Lady Queen Wictoria—"

"Not Wictoria, but *Victoria*," observed the clerk.

"*Victoria*," repeated Mr. Jorrocks, "that our Sovereign Lady Queen Wictoria is lawful and rightful Queen of this realm, and all other her Majesty's dominions and countries thereunto belonging: and I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe, in my conscience, that not any of the descendants of the person who pretended to be Prince of Whales——."

"Not *Whales*, but *Wales*," observed the clerk.

"I said *Whales*," observed Mr. Jorrocks, adding, "but I don't know who you're a talkin'

about. The Prince o' Whales can't 'ave no heirs, he's only a babby."

"Never mind that," replied the clerk, "you follow me, if you please, sir."—"And I do solemnly and sincerely declare, that I do believe, in my conscience, that not any of the descendants of the person who pretended to be Prince of Whales, during the life of the late King James the Second—"

"I doesn't know nothin' about King James the Second," observed Mr. Jorrocks, breaking off again, with a shake of the head, amid the hearty laughter of the bench.

"That's nothing, sir," observed the clerk, "it's a mere matter of form."

"Well, but why should I swear agin a gen'lman that I knows nothin' whatever of, and wot has never done me no 'arm?"

"O, sir, it's a mere matter of form," repeated the clerk.

"So chaps always say when they come to get one to accept a bill for them," observed Mr. Jorrocks; "*mere matter o' form—I doesn't like these mere matters o' form.*"

“ Well but, all these gentlemen on the bench have sworn the same thing. Indeed, you can’t be a magistrate unless you do. Pray let us go on, for you are not half done yet, and it only wants a quarter to twelve—”

“ And I do solemnly and sincerely declare that I do believe in my conscience, that not any of the descendants of the person who pretended to be Prince of Whales during the life of the late King James the Second, and, since his decease, pretended to be and took upon himself the style and title of King of England—.”

“ Never heard of the gen’l’mán,” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“ By the name of James the Third, or of Scotland by the name of James the Eighth, or the style and title of King of Great Britain, hath any right or title whatsoever to the crown of this realm—.”

“ Certainly not,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “ it’s *our* Queen’s, and I’ll stand up for her ! ”

“ Or any other the dominions thereunto belonging,” read the clerk followed by Mr. Jorrocks, “ and I do renounce, refuse, and abjure any allegiance or obedience to any on ’em.”

“ So I do,” said Mr. Jorrocks, giving the book another hearty smack.

“ But that’s not all,” said the clerk ; “ you must swear a little more yet. Please repeat after me again—”

“ And I do swear that I will bear faith and true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Wictoria, and her will defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever, which shall be made against her person, crown, and dignity.”

“ So I vill,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, panting for breath.

“ And I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to Her Majesty and her successors all treasons and traitorous conspiracies which I shall know to be again her or any on ’em.”

“ And ’ow am I to do that ? ” inquired Mr. Jorrocks ; “ write to her, or how ? ”

“ O just let the clerk of the peace know—Her Majesty won’t trouble you to write to her yourself.”

“ No trouble—*rayther* a pleasure,” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“ And I do faithfully promise to the utmost of my power to support, maintain, and defend the succession of the crown against the descendants of the said James.”

“ I dare say none o’ them will trouble it,” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Very likely not,” replied the clerk, adding, “ please to repeat after me—”

“ And against all other persons whatever,” read on the clerk, “ which succession, by an Act intituled ‘ An Act for the further limitation of the crown, and better securing the rights and liberties of the subject,’ is, and stands limited to the Princess Sophia, electress and Duchess Dowager of Hanover, and the heirs of her body, being protestants. And all these things I do plainly and sincerely acknowledge and swear, according to these express words by me spoken, and according to the plain and common sense understanding of the same words, without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation whatsoever.”

“ Wait a minute till I get wind,” begged Mr. Jorrocks; “ you really run me off my legs, you go so fast.”

“ And I make this recognition, acknowledgement, abjuration, renunciation, and promise, heartily, willingly, and truly, upon the faith of a true christian.”

“ *’Deed do I not,*” observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself.

“ So help me God. Kiss the book.”

Thereupon Mr. Jorrocks kissed it again.

Having gulped these, and one or two other similar and equally sensible oaths, our excellent friend sank exhausted on the bench—a full blown beak.

Captain Bluster, who had been waiting the completion of the ceremony, now seized him by the hand, and congratulated Mr. Jorrocks on “ becoming one of them.”

“ Thank’ee,” puffed Mr. Jorrocks ; “ thank’ee,” repeated he, adding, as he looked at the captain, “ you have the advantage o’ me.”

“ My name’s Bluster,” observed the captain, “ Captain Bluster ; I’ve heard of *you*—glad to see you on the bench—very proper appointment ;” adding confidentially in a whisper in Mr. Jorrocks’s ear, “ these Tory beggars want looking after ; we’ll keep them in order.”

"You're one o' the *right* sort, I s'pose," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"*True blue*," observed Captain Bluster with a wink; "*down with the bishops!*"

"Civil and religious liberty, the greatest good for the greatest number—gover'ment without patronage, as it was in *our* day," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"You had better put on your hat," observed Captain Bluster; "there's no doing justice with your hat off."

"No more there is!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, sticking it a-top of his wig, and giving it a thump on the crown that sounded through the Court, and sent a shower of flour over his own face.

The clerk having pocketed Mr. Jorrocks's ten pounds for all the oaths he had made him swallow, now called on the next case—"Mortimer Green against John Tugwell."

The parties being ranged at the bar, the clerk, taking up the information, addressed himself to the defendant, saying—

"This is an information charging you with having, on Friday night last, put your ass into a field

of oats belonging to the complainant, Mortimer Green. You will hear the evidence against you."

Mrs. Mortimer Green was then sworn "to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

This being Mrs. Green's first appearance before that august tribunal, a bench of magistrates, she was rather nervous; and Captain Bluster, thinking to show off before Mr. Jorrocks, addressed her fiercely with—

"Now, mam! why don't you speak?"

"Please, gentlemen, I was going to say—"

"*Going!* Why didn't you say it?"

Mrs. Green stared.

"Now, what are you gaping at? why don't you speak? who are you? where do you come from? what's your name? what's brought you here? Tell us all about it!"

"Please, gentlemen," recommenced Mrs. Green, "last Friday—no, last Thursday as is gone a fortnight—"

"Now, whether do you mean Thursday or Friday?" roared Captain Bluster; "remember you're on your oath."

"Please, gentlemen, last Thursday as is gone a fortnight, my husband took badly in his stomach—"

"Good God! what has your husband's stomach to do with the case? Why don't you tell us about the ass?"

"I was going to, sir, when you interrupted me," observed Mrs. Green, addressing Captain Bluster.

"*Me* interrupted you! I never interrupted you! Why don't you tell us about the ass?"

"Perhaps we had better let her tell the story in her own way," observed the chairman; "it will, perhaps, save time in the end. Now, my good woman," continued he, addressing the witness encouragingly, "tell us as shortly as you can what you have to say about this man and his ass."

"Please, gentlemen," observed Mrs. Green, gathering herself together for a third effort, "last Thursday as is gone a fortnight, my husband took bad in his stomach, and I went down to Doctor Bolus's to get a penn'orth of peppermint water—peppermint water, you see, gentlemen, is recommended in these cases—"

"Hang your peppermint water," growled

Captain Bluster ; “ I’ll be bound to say you’re a regular old thief.”

“ And as the doctor wasn’t in when I got there,” continued the witness, “ I sat down in the back kitchen to smoke my pipe and wait till he came.”

“ Nasty stinkin’ old beast,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, who hated tobacco.

“ It so happened, you see, gentlemen, that the doctor’s people had been washing that day, and all the wet clothes were in the front kitchen, or I should have gone in there.”

“ Well, never mind that,” observed the chairman ; “ tell us now what happened to you as you sat in the back kitchen ? ”

“ Well, and I hadn’t sat there very long, not more than a quarter of an hour at farthest, when just as the young lady of the house—that’s the third little girl like—came in with her kitten, and she asked Susan, that’s the cook, for a saucer-full of skim milk for it, and ”—

“ Oh dear me, can’t you tell us about the ass ! ” roared Captain Bluster again, regardless of the chairman’s recommendation.

“ I was going to, sir, when you interrupted me,” again observed Mrs. Green.

“*Me* interrupt you! I didn’t interrupt you—I *never* interrupt any body—I *can’t* interrupt any body.”

“Well, now, what happened,” continued the chairman, anxious to help the complainant on, “did the girl go for the milk?”

“That was just what I was going to tell you, gentlemen,” observed the imperturbable witness. “Said she, that’s Susan—said she, that’s the third saucer-full of skim milk you’ve asked me for to-day, Miss Elizabeth; and really if you stuff your cat so full, it ’ill catch no mice; however, the young lady was so pressing, that Susan at last consented, and getting the key of the dairy off the kitchen range, just from behind a plate like,” continued the witness, running her hand along the rail at the bar, as if in the act of feeling for a key, “she took the empty saucer off the floor, and went away to get it. Well, she hadn’t been gone I dare say the length of a minute, when I heard a knock at the door—one knock, like that,” giving the bar a rap with her knuckles, “and thinking it might be somebody wanting the doctor, I laid down my pipe and went to open it. Well, you see, there was a small chain on the door, which I

didn't see at first, and so before I got it open there was another knock. Who's there? said I. 'Open the door,' said some one, 'and see;' and according*ly* I did, and there stood this man, with an arm full of brooms, and an ass laden with more at his side."

"Well now," interrupted the chairman, "we don't want to hear about any bargaining that took place, or anything that passed about the brooms, but tell us as shortly as you can when you saw the ass again."

"Yes, gentlemen," replied the old lady, evidently disconcerted, and giving her nose a wipe with a folded-up red handkerchief. "Well then, but I should tell you that by this time Susan, that is the cook, had got back with the milk—the skim milk, and—"

"D—n the milk!" roared Captain Bluster, "didn't you hear the chairman tell you to stick to the ass? Do you think we've got nothing to do but sit here and listen to your rambling stories?"

"Well then, sir, I'm sure your very welcome to go," replied the old lady with great *naïveté*, producing a burst of laughter from the bench and bystanders.

“Can’t you tell us about finding the ass in the corn, without going into other particulars?” asked the chairman.

“Well, sir, your worship, what you please.”

“Nay, it’s what *you* please, only we should like you to get on with your story.”

“Well then, gentlemen, on Thursday night, or early on Friday morning, my husband took badly in his stomach again, and after trying if the pains wouldn’t go off with warm flannels and ginger, he asked me to put on my clothes, and go to Doctor Bolus’s for another penn’orth of peppermint water. This was just about day-break; but there was a heavy mist that morning, and it might be rather later than we thought, for our clock had run down, and as we were going to have her cleaned, my husband thought it wasn’t worth having her wound up until that was done. Well, as I went down the lane, I saw a pair of long ears bobbing up and down in our corn, and being struck with astonishment, I stood debating whether to go back for my husband or to see to it myself; but thinking of the badliness of his stomach, and the dampness of the morning, I considered I had better face it myself; and so,

on I went, and just as I got to the gate at the turn of the road, I saw this villain coming over the hedge, pulling his ass after him through the hedge."

"Very good," said the chairman, glad to get to the end of the story. "You swear that you saw a man bringing his ass out of your field, and that this is the man."

"O, I swear that's the man, for I went up to him, and abused him right well."

"We don't doubt that," observed Captain Bluster.

"Now Tugwell," said the chairman, addressing the defendant, "you hear what that witness says. Do you wish to ask her any questions?"

"Undoubtedly I do, your worship," replied the man—a swarthy herculean-looking fellow, with cork-screw ringlets, open neck, green plush waistcoat with yellow sprigs, and a double row of blue-head buttons, cord breeches, dirty white stockings, and heavy laced ankle-boots. "Didn't I forewarn you," with great gravity asked he, "when I saw you at Doctor Bolus's, to make up your gap, otherwise my ass would be getting into your field?"

"Never such a thing!" screamed the old lady,

"never such a thing! We talked about nothing but the price of the brooms: you said you could sell cheaper than any body else, for though they all stole their stuff, you stole yours ready made."

"That's all gammon! I'd scorn the action!" replied the defendant, with an indignant curl of the lip. "I'm *noted* as the honestist besom-maker on our circuit. Your worships, my character stands too high to be damaged by such an old devil as this."

"We can't allow such language here," observed Captain Bluster, sharply.

"Your defence is, I suppose," said the chairman, "that the field was not properly fenced, and so your ass got in."

"Precisely so, your worship," replied the man, adopting the idea, or rather assenting to it, for it is the usual defence of the brotherhood.

"Pray, then, may I ask where you keep your ass?" inquired the chairman.

"Sometimes in one place, sometimes in another, your worship. Mercantile men like us, your worship, are generally on the move, and we are obliged to put up with such quarters as we can get."

“Ay, but had you, on the night on which your ass is charged with being in Green’s corn-field, any place to put him?”

“Why, not exactly, your worships. I was intending to be on the move by daylight, and I just turned the poor beast into the lane, and this stupid old woman persisting in not making up her gap, why I’m ashamed to say he so far forgot himself as to go in. It’s the first time, your worships, I assure you, such a thing ever happened, and it will be the last, for, without any disrespect to your worships, I feel this is not a place for a respectable man to be in.”

The clerk, on referring to his books, contradicted Tugwell’s assertion, by observing that he had been convicted of a similar offence in a clover field, about a twelvemonth before.

The chairman observed, that depasturing an animal on a highway was an offence punishable by fine. The justices then considered their sentence. Mr. Brown had no doubt Tugwell was an old offender. Mr. Green would have been better pleased if he had been caught going into the field, instead of coming out. The chairman inquired what state the fence was in, and found it was very

good. Captain Bluster thought, if he broke the fence, he might be caught under the wilful damage act.

"What does Mr. Johnson think?" inquired the chairman, addressing Mr. Jorrocks.

"*Jorrocks* is his name," observed Captain Bluster, with a growl.

"I beg his pardon," said the chairman, with a low bow. "Pray what does Mr. Jorrocks think?"

Mr. Jorrocks then, with great gravity, delivered himself of the following opinion:—

"Every man wot keeps a jackass is a wagga-bone," said he very slowly. "Every man wot keeps a jackass keeps a pair of big panniers also, and there's no sayin' wot on airth goes into them."

Mr. Jorrocks paused.

"Then what do you think should be done to him?" asked the chairman. "What punishment shall we inflict upon him?"

"*Skin him alive!*" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking as if he would eat the defendant.

"I'm afraid that's hardly 'law,'" observed the clerk, looking respectfully up at his ten-pound friend.

"If it's not law, it's what law ought to be," observed Mr. Jorrocks, with great gravity.

"A very good observation! very capital observation!" observed Captain Bluster, as soon as Mr. Jorrocks had done, "you'll make an *excellent* magistrate."

"I think I shall," said Mr. Jorrocks, "I think I shall, as soon as I get up a little law at least."

Captain Bluster: "O hang the law! The less law one has in a justice-room the better. Get 'Stone's Justices Pocket Manual,' it'll keep you all right as to form; and if you read 'Sam Slick,' it will do you more good than all the rubbishing stuff the lawyers write put together. Stone for the law—Slick for the sense."

"Stone for the law and Slick for the sense," repeated Mr. Jorrocks.

"Yes, and the first time you're in London go to the Judge and Jury Court at the Garrick's Head in Bow Street, and learn some Latin sentences from Chief Baron Richards—Latin tells well from the Bench."

The chairman then informed the prisoner that he was convicted, and had to pay to her Majesty the Queen the sum of one pound over and above

the costs of the prosecution and the amount of the damage done by the donkey.

The defendant pleaded hard in mitigation.

“No,” said the chairman; “we have dealt very leniently with you.”

“You are liable to a month’s imprisonment, with hard labour, in the House of Correction,” observed another.

“One month! *six* months!” rejoined a third, “this is a second offence.”

“Whipping also!” exclaimed a fourth, “this conviction being before a Bench of Magistrates.”

The mercantile man then begged for time, his trade being seriously depressed.

“By the police protecting the woods, I suppose,” observed the chairman.

“You must pay the money down,” grunted Captain Bluster, “*nullum tempus occurrit Regi*. The Queen stands no nonsense.”

Mr. Jorrocks, on leaving the court, which he did after hearing a few more cases similar to the foregoing, strutted very consequentially down the middle of the street, making the quiet

monotony of the place more apparent by the noisy clamour of his boots. He felt like a very great man.

He ran his mind through the backward course of life—thought of the time when he swept out his master's shop for his meat—then when he got a trifle for wages—next how he was advanced to a clerkship—how he bought his first pair of top-boots—how he stamped out two pair before he got a horse; his horses then came in chronological order, like kings and queens in a *Memoria Technica*. His first, a white one, that tumbled neck and croup with him down Snow Hill, and broke both its own knees and his nose; his second, a brown, that always tried to kick him over his head when he mounted: and so he went on through a long list, the recollection of each bringing with it many other interesting associations.

Then he thought of the day when he was elected a member of the Surrey Hunt, and of the glories and honours he had reaped in that sporting country. Then of his advancement to the mastership of the Handley Cross Foxhounds, his

short though brilliant reign at the Spa, and now how a whole wheelbarrowful of greatness had been heaped upon him in the shape of a J. P. ship.

"Vell," said he, feeling his chin with one hand, and sliding a whole handful of halfcrown pieces down the smooth inside leather of his breeches pocket with the other; "vell," said he, "for all this I am but mortal man."

Just as our friend had indulged in this humble-minded observation, he crossed the street at an angle to get back to the Duke's Head, and the mail-gig hurrying up at the time, rather drove him from his point, and caused him to land opposite Mr. Pippin, the fruiterer's.

Mr. Pippin was a gameseller as well as a fruiterer, and the 12th of August drawing nigh, he had stuck a newly gilt and lettered sign to that effect over his door:—

"Pippin, Fruiterer, and Licensed Dealer in Game," read Mr. Jorrocks in that vacant sort of way that people read anything that comes in their way.

"Pippin, Fruiterer and Gameseller," said he to himself, shortening the sign. "Wonders if he's

got any cranberries." Mr. J. was very fond of cranberries.

"Have you got any cranberries?" asked he of Pippin, who, on the look out for "squalls," now rushed to the door.

"Not any cranberries, sir; particular nice gooseberries, strawberries, cauliflowers, raddishes, fish sauces of all kinds, sir; cucumbers, cigars, pickles—expect some peas in to-night, sir—step in, sir; step in."

Mr. Jorrocks complied, but oh! what a sight greeted him on the opposite wall—"three brace of grouse hanging by the neck!" Mr. Jorrocks stood transfixed.

"*How now!*" exclaimed he, as speech returned, and with staring eye-balls he turned to the shop-keeper.

"*How now!*" repeated he, pointing to the birds, "grouse for sale before the 12th of August."

"Five shillings a brace," replied Mr. Pippin, quite unconcerned; "we generally charge six, but the season's coming on, and we shall soon get plenty more."

"Plenty more," roared Mr. Jorrocks; "arn't you shamed of yourself?"

“O dear no, sir, not at all; take the whole for fourteen shillings.”

“*I’ll fourteen you !*” repeated Mr. Jorrocks, stamping with rage, “I’ll fourteen you, you waggabone. I’m one of her Majesty’s jestices o’ the peace—‘*nullum tempus occurrit*’ somethin’—the Queen stands no nonsense—I’ll fine you !”

“What for, sir ?” inquired Mr. Pippin.

“For havin’ game afore the twelfth—I’ll summons you directly !” added Mr. Jorrocks, hurrying out of the shop.

“Please say *they’re stuffed !*” roared Mr. Pippin after him.

CHAPTER XX.

“ This done, he took the dame about the neck,
And kissed her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That at the parting, all the room did echo.”

“ CRANIOLOGY.—A science that virtually professes to discover how the interior of a house is furnished, from a mere examination of the inequalities upon the roof of it.”

WE have not seen anything of our friends the Flathers since the Marquis's Brougham drove away from their door, and they contributed their quota (as it is supposed) to the heaviness of the Hillingdon letter-bag.

What passed on the occasion of the Marquis's visit we are not at liberty to mention. Indeed we don't know — most probably Mrs. Flather would have him a little to herself at first, during which she would hint at her great esteem for him—but her duty to guard her daughter from

the risk of forming hopeless attachments; and then at the proper period Emma would appear suffused in tears, and Mrs. Flather would possibly leave them to themselves a little. All this, however, is chiefly conjecture — or at best mere servants' gossip, formed from an outline of what Mrs. Flather's boy in buttons communicated to Benjamin, who detailed it to Betsey for the information of Mrs. Jorrocks. Our readers must therefore just give such credence to the story as they consider it worth. It will be remembered that each party claimed the victory, and each indulged in the usual "crow."

The story was—for we may as well tell it out now that we have begun—that the boy in buttons having taken it into his head to water the myrtle below the window, saw the Marquis with Emma's head on his shoulder, administering consolation to her eyes with his blue bandana. As a justice would say—that may, or may not be—it may be true, or it may be a lie—it may be Betsey's lie—it may be Benjamin's lie—or it may be the boy in buttons' lie — it may be true and yet have nothing in it. The Marquis might merely be doing what any man in such a situation would do,

trying to soothe the poor girl. Had she been on his knee, we think the case would have been different. The presumption then would have been that he had got her there—at least we hope so. As it was there was very little but supposition in the case. Our own opinion, however, is that there was something in it, though whether intentional on the part of the Marquis, or merely one of those involuntary, inadvertent, consolatory acts a man sometimes commits when suddenly beset by a pretty girl in tears, is another question. We dare say the Marquis would be very tender—very soft, and very likely say many things he never intended. A pretty girl in tears is a very dangerous thing, more especially when the tears are caused, or supposed to be caused, by one's self. We fear the Marquis said more than was prudent. Very possibly he thought no more of it after he had bowled away in his Brougham ; but Mrs. Flather's more than insinuation to Mrs. Jorrocks that her daughter and the Marquis were engaged, with the profusion of letters that showered into the Hillingdon letter-box, were presumptive evidence that the words had made some impression on her daughter.

A country post-office is a queer place. The post mistress—for they are generally kept by ladies—has a sort of intuitive acquaintance with every letter that comes or goes, knows who they are from, and can guess pretty nearly what they are about. There is none of that tranquil easy security one feels, or rather used to feel, when dropping a letter into the well-accustomed depths of a large town post-office, where the variety of writings, the number of letters, the hurry of sorting, put all idea of curiosity out of the question. The country post-office generally consists of a black pane, with a slit in the middle of it, put into the parlour window with the words “Post-Office,” done in white letters, above or below; and the letter, instead of passing, as the sender perhaps supposes, from all observation until it greets the eyes of the expectant receiver, drops through the hole into a plate or a table in the parlour, or perhaps in the bar of a public-house, where the landlady or her daughters are sewing, or drawing drops of comfort for the customers in the kitchen. Down it glides, and is immediately whipped up; and if the hand-writing is unknown, and the seal uninforming, the post mistress has nothing to do

but open the sash and look up and down street to see who was the party putting it in. Towns-people wouldn't believe the curiosity there is in the country.

But to return to Emma Flather and the Marquis of Bray.

The usual answers of congratulation, with the usual amount of sincerity — some with good-natured, ill-suppressed wishes that the news might not be too good to be true, or hopes that such an alteration might not injure the head of either party—having been received, each party rested on their oars in expectation of a “move” from the Castle. The “cock-a-hoopness” of both mammas was considerably lessened on finding that each had similar expectations, and a thought occasionally glanced across their minds that it might have been better had they waited till they were a little more certain, ere they announced the thing. One Marquis for two ladies would do nothing, still we dare say our readers will agree with us that it would not have been natural not to have announced it immediately. Indeed, the Marquis's manner was so truly love-making, that the villagers all set it down as a fixed thing; and even Johnny Wop-

straw, who happened to be passing along on the top of his wain, observed to his wife when he got home, that he thought "upon the who-o-ole there was a young gentleman making love to Miss Eliza." The change in the Marquis's costume, and the height from which Johnny overlooked down, prevented him recognizing his over-night orator and draining-tile maker.

Thus things stood for at least a fortnight, each day adding additional uneasiness to the ladies. Every post delivery was anxiously looked for; every large seal that passed in review as Mrs. Medler sorted the letters, was conjured into the impress of a ducal coronet, or a marquis's at least, with the reverse side directed to Mrs. Flather, or Mrs. Trotter. Still it came not, neither was there anything heard of the Marquis, except that he had got a bad cold. This, however, was some consolation, enabling them to account in some measure for his silence. As a set-off against this, however, they had to take into account the Duke's letter to Mr. Jorrocks, offering him a J. P.-ship, in which nothing was said of the marriage, or even hinted at. All this was very perplexing.

Mr. Jorrocks had now got himself into all his

honours. Mr. Bowker had furnished him with a fine old edition of Burn's Justice; and Mr. Jones, the bookseller at Sellborough, had supplied him with a copy of Stone's Pocket Manual and Sam Slick, according to Captain Bluster's recommendation; while Benjamin had been rigged out in a Welsh wig, and a pair of green spectacles with tortoise-shell rims, and a sort of beadle's dress, formed out of Mrs. Jorrocks's old bombazin gowns. Moreover, Mr. Jorrocks being a great believer in phrenology, or bampology as he called it, had furnished himself with a copy of "Combe's Outlines," as also with a plaster of Paris head and phrenological chart, for the purpose of examining such culprits as might be brought before him, and ascertaining their bumps. His sanctum was now converted into a justice room. In the centre, behind a high desk, stood an important old carved black oak arm chair, on a raised stand: while below the desk were stools and a table, for Benjamin and Joshua Sneakington to sit and cry silence and take the depositions upon.

In other respects the sanctum underwent little change; the old red morocco hunting chair occu-

pying one side of the fire-place, a sporting picture screen, and a coal skuttle the other.

Here, as his worship sat in the hunting chair, thinking first of one thing, then of another—when his apples would be ripe, whether he should buy Brown's bull, whether Thompson's wouldn't be better—one loud knock at the door informed him that Benjamin was there, and before our friend had let his leg down that he had been nursing, in came the boy and stood before him.

"Please, sir, you're wanted, sir," said Benjamin.

"Vanted, Binjimin," repeated Mr. Jorrocks, pulling his wig straight, "who vants me now, I wonder—jestice or gentlefolk?" Mr. J. had now two sorts of visitors.

"Gentlefolk, I thinks," said Benjamin, "at least, she wants you alone. It's a ooman—old mother Flather."

"*Mrs. Flather*, you should say, Binjimin; there are no old women in this world. I'll see her in a minute," added he, running to a small mirror, and adjusting his neckcloth and frill.

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"My dear Mrs. Flather, I'm werry 'appy to see

you," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as Mrs. Flather came sidling in past Benjamin, who stood with the door in his hand, arranging the latch so as to see through the key-hole. "Take a chair; pray take a chair," added he, passing her on to the one he had just vacated, and motioning Benjamin to leave the room.

"Here's a werry fine day," observed he, pressing her shoulder to get her to sit down in the hunting chair, at the same time drawing a smaller one close to it. "How's Emma?" said he.

"Pretty well, I thank you," replied Mrs. Flather, throwing up her veil, and setting herself forward, as if for business.

"Fine gal, Emma," said Mr. Jorrocks, "fine gal! I always says, though," added he, *sotto voce*, squeezing Mrs. Flather's arm, "that the gals of the present day ar'nt to be compared to their mothers."

Mrs. Flather smiled.

"*It's a fact*," observed Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips as he looked at her. "And ow's she getting on with the Markis? I hear there are two on 'em arter him."

"That's just what I've come to talk to you

about," observed Mrs. Flather in a low tone, laying her hand confidentially on Mr. Jorrocks's wrist, as his arm rested on the elbow of her chair. "I want a little of your advice."

"Always 'appy to advise the ladies," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "particklar 'appy. We'll jest bolt the door," added he, bundling up and making for it, "and then we shall'nt be interrupted. You knows wot Byron said about interruptions," observed he as he bustled towards it.

Having locked it and bolted it too, he resumed his place by the side of Mrs. Flather.

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"It's a very delicate situation we are in with regard to that young man," observed Mrs. Flather, after a pause; "he's engaged my daughter's affections, and I really fear he's only making a fool of her."

"Werry naughty o' him," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "werry naughty o' him"—muttering over the word "affection, affection," wondering if it was in Stone—(Mr. Jorrocks did every thing judiciously now). "Vot's he done? Kissed her, I s'pose," added he; "kissed her, kissed her; no sich title as that; come under the 'ead of assault,

though. Kissin' arn't altogether right," added he to Mrs. Flather, "unless, indeed, she consented, and then it is wot us jestices call justifiable kissiside."

Mr. Jorrocks turned to Mrs. Flather, for the purpose of demonstrating the law, when one of Benjamin's loud knocks at the door, and attempt to open it, arrested his movement.

"Vot's 'appen'd now, Binjimin?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting back, "vot's 'appen'd now?"

"A waggabone!" squeaked Benjamin through the door.

"Confound them waggabones," muttered Mr. Jorrocks, thinking how to get rid of the charge without bothering himself.

"Wot'un a nob 'as he, Binjimin?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, "wot'un a nob 'as he?"

"I harn't examined his nob," replied Benjamin; "Jos has only just cotch'd him, Jos has only just cotch'd him!" repeated he.

"O! confound it, Binjimin, 'ow can you trouble me in this ere way. Here am I investigatin' a *desp'rate* bugglary, and you comes interruptin' of me, without havin' taken the dimensions of his

coacoa nut. I tells you, never bring a waggabone forrard until you've examined his perrycranium."

"Yes sir," said Benjamin.

"Then go and do it."

"Yes sir," said Benjamin, muttering as he went, with a shake of the head, "desperate buglary, indeed! I knows better nor that."

"Capital thing, that crazyology," observed Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Flather, as he heard Benjamin's footsteps dying away in the passage; "gives one a capital idea of a waggabone's character; or any one's, indeed," added Mr. Jorrocks, looking smilingly at Mrs. Flather, after the frown Benjamin's ill-timed interruption had brought over his good-natured countenance had passed away; "I should say, now," added he, "that your 'ead would pay a bampologist well for examin'in'."

"O, you flatter, Mr. Jorrocks," said Mrs. Flather.

"'Deed I doesn't, though," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "'deed I doesn't, though," repeated he, "I always says you're the neatest little ooman I knows; neat, *pretty* little ooman."

"O, fie! Mr. Jorrocks," said Mrs. Flather,

diving into her bag, and producing her best pocket-handkerchief.

"Fiddle, O, fie!" replied Mr. Jorrocks, "it's the truth, and that's all how and about it. I always says you're the neatest little ooman I know. I likes a little ooman."

"I thought you'd like big ones," observed Mrs. Flather, looking archly at our friend.

"Never such a thing!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "never such a thing! Little uns for my money."

"Well, I'm sure I always thought you admired big women," observed Mrs. Flather.

"Quite a mistake," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "quite a mistake; I says big uns are only fit for grenadiers."

"Well, that's my opinion," rejoined Mrs. Flather; "especially when they've moustarche," added she, with as sagacious a smile as her unmeaning face could muster. (Mrs. Trotter had a slight penciling that way.)

"Just so," said Mr. Jorrocks, giving her a poke and a wink.

"Let's have your nob examined," said he, wishing to turn the conversation before Mrs. Fla-

ther made him commit himself further against Mrs. Trotter, a thing our friend had no intention of doing. "I should think," continued he, "you'll have some remarkable fine bamps—observin' faculties, knowin' faculties, reflective faculties—all sorts o' faculties, in fact."

"O, dear, no! no such thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Flather, resisting Mr. Jorrocks's untying of her bonnet-string.

"*Jest me,*" said Mr. Jorrocks, as if he was nobody. Our friend then divested Mrs. Flather of her bonnet.

"We'll begin with number one," said he, getting his outlines, and feeling Mrs. Flather behind the ear.

"Bamp of amitiveness," said he, looking at his paper with a great black head at the top, marked into divisions corresponding with a classification below. "Bamp of amitiveness, werry large—marriage, love. 'A man shall leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife;' and I s'pose, by the same rule, a ooman shall leave her father and mother and cleave to her 'usband. Ad'esiveness," continued he, feeling a little forward, "that means attachment—friendship, and social

sympathy, such as exists between you and I," said Mr. Jorrocks, giving Mrs. Flather a kiss.

"*O, Mr. Jorrocks!*" exclaimed Mrs. Flather.

"Nobody will hear," said our worthy friend, giving her another.

"Well, but now, let's talk about the Marquis," said she, pushing him aside, as he prepared for another salute.

"Vell," said he, "let's talk about the Markis; wot's the specific charge again' him?"

"Why, I can't say that I have any regular charge to make against him," replied Mrs. Flather, putting on her bonnet; "indeed, I believe if he was left to himself, he would do what is right and proper; but that odious ——, you know who I mean, is doing all she can to get him away from us, for her own gawky copper-coloured daughter."

"Vell, but that would be 'larceny,' I should think," observed Mr. Jorrocks, with a sagacious shake of the head; "that would be larceny, I think—stealin' a sweetheart;" at the same time diving into his pocket to consult his friend "Stone."

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"Larceny has been defined to be," read he,

“the wrongful takin’ and carryin’ away of the personal goods of any one from his possession, with a felonious intent to convert them to the use of the ’fender, without the consent of the owner.”

“That seems werry like the thing,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking full at Mrs. Flather; “she wants to convert the Markis to her own use—at least to the use of her darter—*sed quære*, as us lawyers say, is the absolute possession of the Markis in your darter?”

“But I don’t want the law of him,” observed Mrs. Flather; “indeed, I come to ask your advice more as a friend than as a magistrate.”

“Always ’appy to see you in any capacity, my leetle dack,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, giving her another kiss that sounded right through the room.

“Bump of acquisitiveness werry big!” holloa’d Benjamin through the door; and “bump o’ philopro—somethin’ werry small!”

“Confound the bouy!” growled Mr. Jorrocks, wondering if he had heard the sound; “confounded young rascal—does it on purpose I do believe.”

“Bamp of acquisitiveness, Binjimin!” replied

Mr. Jorrocks, collecting his faculties ; bamp of acquisitiveness, did you say ? that's the priggin' bamp ; wot's the rascal been a stealin' ? ”

“ Gooseberries ! ” replied Benjamin.

“ Gooseberries ! ” repeated Mr. Jorrocks, “ wot's the punishment ? ”

“ Don't know ! ” replied Benjamin through the door.

“ *Don't know, bouy !* Vy didn't you look it out in the book afore ever you came botherin' 'ere ? Look out gooseberry, I say, or I'll pull your gown over your 'ead, and send you to the treadmill yourself. These bouys are the devil's own,” muttered Mr. Jorrocks, half to himself and half to Mrs. Flather. “ I *really* sometimes think that bouy takes a pleasure in interruptin' o' me when I'm particklarly engaged—at least *plisantly* engaged,” added he, giving Mrs. Flather's arm a squeeze.

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“ There arn't gooseberry in the book,” holloa'd Benjamin through the door, after a long pause, during which he had been listening.

“ Arn't gooseberry in the book ! ” repeated Mr. Jorrocks ; “ impossible, Binjimin ! ”

“ There arn’t, howsomever.”

“ Look out goose then ! ” replied Mr. Jorrocks, adding to himself, “ wot’s sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander ; and wot’s law for goose will most likely be law for gooseberry.”

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“ There arn’t goose neither ! ” replied Benjamin — “ gold plate—good be’aviour—”

“ Ay, good be’aviour, indeed,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, “ that’s a thing you knows precious little about.”

“ Goods forfeited—grand jurymen—grey’ound—grouse—guide post—guest—gunpowder—gipsies,” continued Benjamin, reading on while his master was muttering.

“ Ord rot it, ’old your noise, Binjimin ! ” roared Mr. Jorrocks, “ you are long past goose. Let me look,” said he, getting up and making for the door.

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“ Let me look,” said he, after he had got it fumbled open, taking Burn’s Justice from the boy, who stood with the fifth volume open at the index. Mr. Jorrocks began with the G’s at “ game,” and went regularly through them : “ Gaols—garments—general—gentlemen—gins—glass—gleaning—

gloves—to gold plate,” where Benjamin had begun, but there was nothing about “gooseberry.” “Let me look in my ‘Stone,’” added he, pulling out his pocket manual again. “Dare say it will be under the ’ead of gardens.”

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“Here it is, 94—stealin’, &c., wegitable productions in gardens.”

Mr. Jorrocks then turned to page 94, and read as follows:—

“Wegitable productions growin’ in gardens—stealin’, or destroyin’, or damagin’ with intent to steal any plant, root, fruit, or wegitable production, growin’ in any garden, orchard, nursery ground, ’ot-’ouse, green-’ouse, or conservatory. Punishment on conviction afore one jestice for first offence, imprisonment with or without ’ard labour in gaol or ’ouse of Correction for not exceedin’ six calendar months, or penalty above the value not exceedin’ twenty punds.”

“My vig!” added he, “but that’s tight work. Makes gooseberry stealing werry expensive.”

“’Ow old’s the waggabone, Binjimin?”

“May be a dozen,” replied Benjamin.

“A dozen—twelve that’s to say,” repeated Mr.

Jorrocks, "six months at twelve years old—sharp work. Twenty punds—deal o' cash."

"You're sure he stole them, Binjimin?"

"Jos caught him in the garden; he had both pockets chock full, and a cabbage in his 'at."

"Cabbage in his 'at," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "wegitable production, that's to say. Well, Binjimin, I think he's too young to send to quod; I'll deal sammarily with the case. Take him to Batsay with my compliments, and say I'll thank her to take him into the laundry, and give him a good basternaderin'—good strappin' that's to say."

"Yes, sir" said Benjamin.

"A dozen or so," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"And bid her put a pair o' stockins in his mouth, so that we mayn't be troubl'd with his noise."

"Yes, sir," said Benjamin.

"Dirty 'uns!" added Mr. Jorrocks, as Benjamin went away.

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"And now my little darlin'," said he, patting Mrs. Flather on the back as he shut the door, and returned the pocket manual to the Jorrockian

jacket pocket, and resumed his seat, "let us 'ear all about this naughty bouy and your pretty darter, and let's see if we can deal sammarily with him too; bad bouy, I fear! bad bouy: always pullin' the gals about."

"Well, you see, Mr. Jorrocks, as I said before, it's not the Marquis I blame so much as those who entice him away. I'm quite sure he's very much attached to Emma, and would do what is right if other people would let him."

"Jest so," said Mr. Jorrocks.

"There's something now going on that we can't at all fathom. Nothing could be kinder or more lover-like than he was the morning he called at our house, and yet from that day to this we've heard nothing from him."

"Fallen in with summut he likes better p'raps," observed Mr. Jorrocks.

"But that is very wrong, you know, Mr. Jorrocks," observed Mrs. Flather.

"No doubt," said Mr. Jorrocks, with a shake of his head, "no doubt—but it's wot Sam Slick calls 'uman natur'."

"Well, then, you see, Mr. Jorrocks, I want to ask your advice what is best to be done."

“ Best to be done,” repeated Mr. Jorrocks, “ best to be done? Dash my vig if I *know*. Do you think you could make out a case if I was to summons him? ”

“ Oh ! I shouldn’t like to take any step of that sort—it’s not as a justice, but as a gentleman that I come to consult you—*friend*, rather, let me say,” giving the steady old gentleman a sweet smile.

“ Jest so,” said Mr. Jorrocks, giving her a hearty kiss in return. “ Let us see now,” added he, preparing to look at the case in another light. “ Has he written her any sweet letters? ”

“ Why, no ; he’s not,” replied Mrs. Flather, sorry to have to admit the fact. “ His attentions have been all verbal and personal.”

“ Jest kissin’ and squeezin’,” observed Mr. Jorrocks. “ You’ve nothin’ to show, then? ” inquired he.

“ Nothing,” replied Mrs. Flather with a sigh.

“ No little lockets or bracelets, or poetry pieces—nothin’ o’ that sort? ”

“ No,” responded Mrs. Flather.

“ *Humph!*” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, not knowing what to do.

“ Please, sir, will you have the mutton boil’d or roasted ? ” inquired Betsy, who, having noiselessly opened the door, now stood with it in her hand, as the saying is.

“ *D—n the mutton !* ” screamed Mr. Jorrocks, starting up in a perfect fury. “ That’s jest the way ! if ever I’m particklar busy—either beakin’, or odein’, or anything, I’m sure to be interrupted by some cussed inquiry about the wittles.”

“ And a pretty row you’d make if they warn’t to your liking, you nasty ugly old crockadile,” replied Betsy, with upturned nose and most indignant look at Mrs. Flather “ But *I* see how it is,” added she, throwing her apron up to her face and bursting into tears, “ *I* see how it is ! ” repeated she, banging the door to, and hurrying away.

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“ That’s ooman’s mad—full o’ beans,” observed Mr. Jorrocks with a shake of the head, as Betsy’s step died away. “ Well, now, my leetle darlin’, let’s resume about your darter, and see what we can do in the matter,” said he to Mrs. Flather, anxious to return to the subject.—“ I’m afeard he’s not put his foot quite far enough in it yet.”

"Not gone far enough, you think?" asked Mrs. Flather.

"I think not," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "I'd allow him a leetle more line."

"But he offered to her almost the first day; it was love at first sight."

"Then you should have book'd him," observed Mr. Jorrocks. "There's nothin' like takin' these young chaps when they're in the 'umour—'safe bind safe find's' a beautiful axiom of sweet'eartin' law."

"How do you think we had better do?" asked Mrs. Flather, recollecting who it was that prevented her booking the Marquis at Donkeyton Castle.

"Do, now?" repeated Mr. Jorrocks; "do, now?—faith, that's a difficult question to answer. She's a nice gal's Emma, and a neat gal is Emma—puts her clothes on well—tidy about the pins too; but Lor' bless you! she ar'nt to be compared to her mother."

"O, Mr. Jorrocks, you flatter."

"*Not a bit*," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "*not a bit*. I've always said, and I still maintains, that the gals of the present day are miles behind their mothers."

“You are so complimentary always, Mr. Jorrocks.”

“They may be as fine, you know,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, without noticing the observation, “when they get to their hage—that in course I cant say—but at present, I’m quite decided in that opinion ; gals are nice, pretty, dollish-lookin’ things, but I says a ooman isn’t a ooman till she’s forty—fat, fair, and forty ! *that’s* the ticket—that’s my motto.”

“Well, but about the Marquis,” resumed Mrs. Flather, anxious to keep the volatile Justice to the point. “What do you think we had best do ?”

“*Best* do ?” repeated Mr. Jorrocks ; “best do ? Vy, I’d try fair means fust, and then—and then—and then ——”

“*What !*” ejaculated Mrs. Flather.

“I’m cussed if I know,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “It’s hardly, as I said before, exactly within the jurisdiction of a J. P. No doubt our commission is werry extensive—keep the peace—chastise and punish all wot offend again’ the laws and ordinances—inquire the truth upon the oath of good and lawful men of the county of all manner

of felonies, puzzonin's, inchantments, sorceries, art's majig, trespasses, forestallin's, regratin's, ingrossin's, and extortions whatsoever ; and also of all those who in the counties aforesaid in companies against our peace, in disturbance of our people with armed force have gone or rode or hereafter shall presume to go or ride, and also of all those who have lain in wait, or hereafter shall presume to lie in wait, to maim or cut or quilt or kill our people ; and also of all wittlers, and all and singulars other persons who in the 'buse of weights or measures or in sellin' wittles ——"

"O, none of those would apply to the Marquis," interrupted Mrs. Flather, fearful Mr. Jorrock's would recite the whole commission to her.

"I thinks not either," replied Mr. Jorrock's. "We might catch Emma p'raps as an '*enchantedress*,'" observed the gallant old Justice, "but, as you say, the person you want to catch is the Markis."

"Just so," replied Mrs. Flather.

"Well then, it's a ticklish thing," observed Mr. Jorrock's ; "werry like fly-fishin'—if you

strike too soon, you may lose him altogether. Let him play with the 'ook a little longer."

"But then, he doesn't come to play with it, you see," observed Mrs. Flather; "*that's* the difficulty."

"*I twig*," winked Mr. Jorrocks. "S'pose you take the 'ook to him."

"But we have no excuse for going; besides, nobody ever goes to the Castle without an invitation. Couldn't *you* get the Marquis over again?" at last asked Mrs. Flather.

"Vy I don't know," replied Mr. Jorrocks, considering how the thing would cut. "I doesn't know I'm sure. There's a many rings in the ladder atwixt a young Markis and a middle-aged grocer—J. P.; at all events, I should be a most afraid of offendin'."

"O, I don't think you need be under any alarm about that," replied Mrs. Flather; "the Duke seemed to like you amazingly, and the Marquis invited himself before."

"That's jest why I think I'd best let him invite himself again," replied Mr. Jorrocks.

"You'd oblige me very much if you would," observed Mrs. Flather, looking at him most lovingly.

“ It’s bad to resist such a hen hangel as you,” said Mr. Jorrocks, getting up and bolting the door ; but, as we dare say our readers have had enough of this dialogue, we will not accompany the parties any further.

CHAPTER XXI.

“ State your case.”

SCARCE was Mrs. Flather gone, and ere Mr. Jorrocks had arranged a composing speech in his mind for Betsy, Benjamin made his appearance to announce the arrival of another “customer.”

“Another customer, Binjimin!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, startin’ up, “not another wagga-bone, I ’opes?”

“The same as the last,” replied Benjamin, with a grin; “Mother Trotter this time.”

“*Missis* Trotter, you should say, Binjimin,” observed Mr. Jorrocks; “I shall be ’appy to see her.”

“Don’t doubt you, old boy,” said Benjamin to himself, as he went away to bring her.

* * * * *

“Good mornin’, Mrs. Trotter!” exclaimed

Mr. Jorrocks, as the majestic lady sailed into the room in all the rustle of petticoats and stiff ringlets. "Werry 'appy to see you; pray take a chair—this ere harm one, if you please," drawing the recently-occupied red morocco hunting-chair towards her. "You needn't mind waitin', Binjimin," said he to the boy, who kept fussing about the desk, as if he was going to act clerk, Benjamin reluctantly retired, carrying with him his wig and gown and spectacles.

* * * * *

"Vell, my beauty," said Mr. Jorrocks to Mrs. Trotter, as the door closed, "vell, my beauty," said he, his countenance assuming quite a different appearance, "and 'ow are you to-day? Needn't ax that, though," said he, squeezing her elbow, "that fine, clear complexion, bright eye, and these full cherry lips, answer that; he's an 'appy man wot has the kissin' on them, I guess!"

"O, Mr. Jorrocks, you shocking man! what would Mrs. Jorrocks say?"

"O, never fear Mrs. Jorrocks," replied our hero, "she's away at her school or some of her wagaries."

"But if I was to tell her, *you'd* mind," ob-

served Mrs. Trotter, with an emphasis; "and I really don't think I'm doing my duty in not."

"Trust *you* for that," said the old Cockney Squire, with a wink—

" ' Wot passes *inter nos*,
Mustn't be proclaim'd at Charin' Cross,'

you knows," added he. "Come, set down, I say, and tell us all about it," continued he, pushing her into the large chair.

"Well, now, I've come," observed Mrs. Trotter, after a pause, during which she equalized the strings of her reticle; "I've come to ask your advice in a little delicate matter connected with my daughter."

"I twig," said Mr. Jorrocks, with a wink.

"And I'm sure that in confiding to you I may rest satisfied it will go no further."

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jorrocks, "close as wax."

"You see," continued Mrs. Trotter, in an under tone, "that the Marquis, we think, took a violent fancy to Eliza, and, I make no doubt, would have offered to her, only she was so shy that she didn't encourage him enough."

“Jest so,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, “wants a little practice, p’raps.”

“Why, she’s very young, you see,” said Mrs. Trotter.

“Her mother wouldn’t ’ave been so green, I guess,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, giving Mrs. Trotter’s arm a squeeze. “I always says,” continued he, “that the gals of the present day are not to be compared to their mothers.”

Mrs. Trotter smiled.

“*’Deed, I do,*” said Mr. Jorrocks, smacking his lips; “the gals may be nice and slim, and slight and pretty; but they’ve none o’ that fine hupstandin’, commandin’, majestic, knock-me-down, squash-me-flat hair of the women of the present day. I’ll pund it, you’d have brought the Markis to book in a minute. If there was a prize for fine women, you’d get it.”

“O, Mr. Jorrocks, how you *do* talk! It’s lucky Mrs. Jorrocks isn’t here.”

“P’raps it is,” said Mr. Jorrocks, in an under tone; you know it wouldn’t do for every body to hear all wot passes ’twixt his worship and those wot come to consult him.”

“Certainly not,” said Mrs. Trotter, hoping her mission would be kept snug. “Well, then, you see, Mr. Jorrocks,” continued she, “as I was saying, I make no doubt the Marquis took a violent fancy to Eliza; and if she had known how to play her cards, she might have nailed him at the time; but, as ill-luck would have it, he went away without exactly offering, and I fear that sneaking, nasty woman, on the hill, got him to have an interview with her mealy-faced daughter, and rather put him off Eliza.”

“Humph!” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, not exactly seeing his way between the rival claimants.

“Well, then, you see,” continued Mrs. Trotter, “what’s passed since, we have no means of knowing. One would naturally have expected that a young man so desperately smitten would have taken an early opportunity of returning to see the young lady.”

“Certainly,” said Mr. Jorrocks, with a sagacious nod of the head, “I would, I knows.”

“But, no! from that day to this,” continued Mrs. Trotter, “we’ve heard nothing of him; and I really now am so puzzled what to do, that I’ve

come to you in confidence, as an old friend, and one that, I'm sure, would be glad to do me a good turn."

"*No doubt on it,*" said Mr. Jorrocks, patting her plump back, "no doubt on it."

"You're very good, I'm sure," resumed Mrs. Trotter, with a smile that displayed her beautiful pearly teeth; "I've just come to ask, in fact, what you think we had best do under the circumstances."

"Do under the circumstances?" repeated Mr. Jorrocks, regularly posed—"do under the circumstances?" repeated he, casting his eyes up to the ceiling. "Vy," said he, looking especial grave, "if you axes me as a jestice o' the peace, I should tell you that the law on this point is werry doubtful—indeed, I may almost say, werry dubersome; there certain*lie* are cases in the books—Barnewall and Halderson, and six Wesey Junior ——."

"Oh, but it's not the law of the point—it's the prudence of the point I want," interrupted Mrs. Trotter.

"The prudence o' the point," said Mr. Jorrocks, "is another view o' the matter. In these cases, I always think it well to be prudent—'Si sit prudentia,' as the poet has it. Eliza's a werry

nice gal—werry pretty gal, and it would be a grand thing to see her a Duchess.”

“ Wouldn’t it ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Trotter, clasping her hands.

“ But I’m rayther inclined to think,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, “ that the Markis will be difficult to catch.”

“ Why so ? ” exclaimed Mrs. Trotter.

“ Vy, in the first place, you see, there’s a great demand for Markisses in London ; and wot sells readily there, are seldom disposed of in the country.”

“ But one’s heard of such cases, you know, Mr. Jorrocks.”

“ Vy, one has certainly,” replied our friend, with a sagacious elevation of his brows, “ read on them, at all ewents.”

“ Well, but, however, it’s on the cards,” observed Mrs. Trotter, “ and trying costs nothing.”

“ Tryin’ costs nothin’, as you say,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, “ not like a jestice’s petty session—information—summons—conviction, and all that sort of thing.”

“ Well, but you’ll do what you can to assist Eliza and me, wont you, Mr. Jorrocks ? ”

“ *Certainly*,” replied our squire—“ always ready to serve the ladies ; you must give Eliza a lesson or two in love-makin’ though,” observed Mr. Jorrock ; “ she don’t take arter her mother in that respect, I guess,” added he.

“ How do you know ?” inquired Mrs. Trotter.

“ Those sparklin’ black eyes tell a different tale,” replied Mr. Jorrock. “ I never see’d sich a pair o’ pierces afore—no wonder little T. knocked under at once. Vell, I don’t know,” added he thoughtfully, “ but somehow or other, I doesn’t think the gals of the present day are to be compared to their mothers. They’re nice and pretty, and hilegant, and so on, but they haven’t the gumption o’ women—a ooman isn’t a *ooman*, I say, till she’s forty—tall, dark, and forty’s my motto,” added he, giving Mrs. Trotter a touch under the chin.

Mrs. Trotter laughed.

“ You’ve a beautiful ’ead for bampology,” observed Mr. Jorrock, looking under her bonnet. “ Twenty’s werry prominent ; that’s the bamp o’ wit—have it myself—quick perception o’ the meanin’ of others ; presence of mind, readiness to perceive the incongruous and ridicklous. Bamp

of amitiveness too—behind the ear,” (feeling her there.) “No. 1, marriage, love, and all that sort o’ thing; werry fine ’ead indeed,—am a great bampology man—wonders wot’un bamps the Markis has; should say he has the bamp of amitiveness—most young chaps have indeed.”

“Some *old* ones, too, I think,” observed Mrs. Trotter with a laugh.

“Doesn’t know nothin’ about old uns,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, “never mean to be old—stick where I am—jest the right age—wiggour blended with discretion.”

While all this was going on, Joshua, who had been uncommonly active that day, arrived with a half-drunken, roystering, tramping mechanic, who had been ordered out of the public-house for creating a disturbance by wanting to fight.

Benjamin saw them coming, and sent Betsy to desire Joshua to shove his prisoner into the wash-house, and let them have a word together.

Accordingly Joshua did so.

* * * * *

“The old ’un’s werry busy to-day,” observed Benjamin, “and werry grumpey, too; I dar’nt

go in to him again—should 'ave the boot-jack at my 'ead, p'raps."

"What's happen'd?" inquired Joshua.

"The old game," replied Benjamin, "the old game—a woman, a woman."

"The old fellow!" exclaimed Joshua. "Well, then, we must just keep the chap till he's more at leisure," added he.

"What's he been a doin' of?" inquired Benjamin.

"Getting drunk, and threatening to fight," replied Joshua.

"Getting drunk and threatenin' to fight," repeated Benjamin, "the warmint! wot'un a chap is he? Does he belong here?"

"No, he's a stranger—a Londoner I should say, by his tongue."

"The Lunnuners are queer chaps," observed Benjamin; "I lived there myself. Howsomever, drunkenness ar'nt no great wice in the eyes of the old 'un; indeed, in the eyes of a vast of the beaks. It's just one of those pints that is either right or wrong, as occasion suits. If a chap commits a gross assault and pleads drunkenness, they immediately flare-up with, 'Drunkenness is no

excuse! rather an aggrawation.' Then, if he pleads sobriety, they tell him 'he'd better 'old his tongue, for drunkenness would be the only excuse he could make for his conduct.'"

"Just so," observed Joshua, digesting the law as Benjamin proceeded.

"I knows nicely wot the old 'un would give him," continued Benjamin; "he'd storm, and threaten, and bully, as if he were a goin' to transport him for life, then talk about the disgraceful, degradin', disgustin' situation of a drunken man, finish by finiu' of him a shillin' or 'alf-a-crown, and werry likely throwin' it at his 'ead as he went away, sayin', 'Take your tin and be off with you! It's a poor 'eart wot never rejoices!'"

"Indeed!" observed Joshua, "why we could do better than that ourselves?"

"No doubt we could," replied Benjamin; "no doubt we could—save the old boy all the trouble, too. If you'll fetch the waggabone forrad, I'll sarve him out 'andsomely, and we can divide the fine for our trouble."

"Well, I've no objection," replied Joshua.

"Fetch him forrad quickly, then," observed Benjamin, "and let us get the case heard—we'll

not trouble none of his bamps," added he, imitating his master.

"Not we!" said Joshua, closing the door, as he went in quest of his friend.

Benjamin then proceeded to array himself in his judicial habiliments—Welsh wig, with broad-rimmed green spectacles and black gown. His own mother wouldn't have known him. Having taken an arm chair at the end of the kitchen table, and ranged a few old books before him, Joshua made his appearance with the prisoner—a strapping young joiner in his working trousers and Sunday coat and waistcoat—a sort of half dress. He was hand-cuffed.

"Who have you got there?" growled Benjamin, as they made their appearance.

"A prisoner, please your worship," replied Joshua, with a low bow.

"Fatch him forrad, fatch him forrad," rejoined Benjamin, imitating his master's voice and dialect.

"Who prefers the charge?" inquired Benjamin, as they reached the end of the table; "who prefers the charge?" repeated he.

"Me, please your worship," replied Joshua.

"Then take this ere book in your right 'and," said Benjamin, handing Joshua Mrs. Glass's cookery book; "take off your glove, and I'll swear you."

Joshua did as desired.

"Now listen to me," continued Benjamin. "The evidence wot you shall give before this grand court shall be the truth, the 'ole truth, and *nothin'* but the truth. Kiss the book."

Joshua kissed it.

"Now then," continued Benjamin, receiving back the book, and taking up an old goose quill, "you are on your oath; now state your case as shortly as you can: tell me all about it, in fact."

Joshua having cleared his voice with a preparatory *hem*, thus commenced.

"Please your worship," said he, "as I was going my rounds this morning, I was called into the public-house, the sign of the 'Man loaded with Mischief,' to quell a disturbance created by this hero, who had challenged all the company round to fight—"

"*That's a lie!*" observed the man.

"You scoundrel! how dare you speak in such a

way before his worship—a justice of the peace, of our Sovereign Lady the Queen?” inquired Joshua.

“And one of the jorum,” observed Benjamin.

“And one of the quorum,” remarked Joshua.

“I’ll skin you alive,” added Benjamin, with a shake of the head. “Well come, get on with your story,” said he to Joshua.

“Then, please your worship, when I went into the ‘Man loaded with Mischief,’ I found this fellow standing with his hat cocked on one side, before the kitchen fire, bragging any of the company out to fight.”

“*That’s a lie!*” interrupted the man.

“*Silence you waggabone!*” screamed Benjamin, “or I’ll make mince meat on ye—chop you into sarsingers! Go on with your story,” added he to Joshua.

“Then, please your worship, I ordered him to sit down, and behave himself like a gentleman, if he was one; and thereupon he used most abusive language to me, too shocking for me to repeat.”

“*Dreadful!*” observed Benjamin, with another shake of the head. “Wot ’ave you got to say for yourself?” asked his Worship, of the man.

“I mean to say,” replied the prisoner with a lurch, “that all that (hiccup) blackguard has been saying’s a (hiccup) lie.”

“That won’t do,” replied Benjamin; “the gen’lman’s on his oath—couldn’t tell a lie if he would. I makes no doubt you’re a great waggabone, werry great waggabone. Every man,” added he very sententiously, “wot cocks his ’at on one side is a waggabone. Every man wot cocks his ’at on one side would cock his gun at a fiz-zant or an ’are if they were to come in his way. That’s the law o’ the case. I convicts you in the penalty of five shillings for being drunk; and for God’s sake,” added he in an undertone to Joshua, “get the tin and shove him out of sight as quick as ever you can, for I hear the old ’un a letting his woman out, and there’s no saying but he may be poking in here after Batsay.

CHAPTER XXII.

“Now I state in the presence of many of my tenants, that I am willing to do everything in my power for the improvement of stock. If a committee selected from among themselves will first go into Birmingham, the great metropolis of this part of the country, and ascertain there what description of stock is in the greatest demand, which fattens best, or yields the greatest produce of milk, or is best adapted for the food and pasture of this district, I will, regardless of price, introduce the best bull I can find of such species, and my tenants and their cows shall have free access to the animal (loud laughter).”—*Sir Robert Peel's agricultural speech at Tamworth.*

LET us pay a visit to Donkeyton Castle.

The Duke of Donkeyton sat in state in the midst of his spacious library, fitted up in rich gothic style, with every appliance of modern luxury.—Noble book-cases, glittering with well-bound, rarely-touched books, rose from the softly-carpeted floor towards the deeply mullioned ceiling, between the top of the book-case and which were ranged, in close drawn line, exquisite

marble busts of poets, of statesmen, of orators, of heroes, of great men of ancient and modern times, of every clime and country—the wisdom of the world looking down on the folly of the day. Antique and easy chairs of every shape and make were scattered about among gothic tables, portfolio stands, busts, banner screens, and globes. A clear-ticking, curiously-wrought, and beautifully inlaid time-piece, on the elaborately-ornamented stone mantel-piece, alone disturbed the solemn repose of the large, light-subdued apartment.

His Grace sat in an easy chair, at a small black oak table, with gold mother-of-pearl-cased eye-glasses in hand, surveying the county map, particularly the part about Donkeyton Castle. The inner and outer circles were clearly defined, like the errand circles of a London club, and his Grace was bewildering himself in the attempt to draw a sleeping and non-sleeping party from among the omitted, prevented, and excused of the last gathering. Three attempts had he made, and thrice had he failed, owing to the usual confusion of his mind, and the impossibility of remembering whether it was Mr. Tom Brown of

the Hill, or Mr. John Brown of the Vale, who had honoured him on a former occasion; or whether it was Mr. T. Smith or Mr. G. Smith who was on their side in politics.

Just as his Grace began his fourth list, the Marquis entered the library. "Ah, Jeems!" exclaimed his Grace, looking up, "come here, my dear; I am so monstrously puzzled, I hardly know what to do. Three lists have I drawn up of people to be invited, and three times have I destroyed them, owing to mistakes of some sort or other. Just come now and tell me, have the Tompkinses of Lintley been here this summer, or not; or have they been invited, or how?"

"The Tompkinses?" repeated the Marquis.

"You know there are *two* Tompkins's," observed his Grace: "Tompkins of Lintley, and Tomkins of Whitley, and between the two I'm always making some confusion. One is in the outer circle, the other in the inner circle, and it is the outer circle Tomkins I am puzzled about—I have some idea that he dined here, and his wife had a headache, and staid at home."

"Oh, yes, I remember now," replied the Marquis. "He is a little round squat man, with a

very red face. He dined here, and went home after. His wife was disappointed of her dress, and could not come in consequence."

"Oh, that was the way, was it," observed the Duke.

"Yes, so their servant told Ma's French maid."

"Very good," rejoined his Grace, "then he's been dined, and there's no occasion to have him again. Now about Heslop of Bustan. Has Heslop been here this year?"

"No, I think not," replied the Marquis. "He was asked, but excused himself on the ground that his sister-in-law was ill."

"Then I think he had better be asked now. I understand he was a Tory, indeed most of his relations are, so he should be looked after—a doubtful man should always be watched. Now do you know anything about Crossman of Chiswick?" inquired the Duke, writing Heslop's name down.

"Crossman is dead," replied the Marquis.

"*Dead*, is he?" exclaimed the Duke. "Poor fellow—sorry for it, good man. Then he's out of the question. Brown Jones, then—do you recollect when Brown Jones was last here?"

“Brown Jones,” replied the Marquis, laughing, “that’s not his name.”

“Oh yes it is, I have him in my list—own hand-writing too,” showing it to the Marquis.

“I know all that,” rejoined the Marquis, laughing, without looking at the proffered paper. “His nick-name is Brown Jones, because he is so very dark, and to distinguish him from another, who is very white ; but his real name is John.”

“*John Jones!* are you *sure* of that?” exclaimed the Duke.

“*Quite certain!* I remember your setting the table in a roar of laughter, by calling out, ‘Mr. Brown Jones, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?’ ”

“Well, I do recollect something about that,” observed the Duke, laying down his pen and looking especial wise. “I do recollect something about that ; Binks whispered in my ear as he helped me to wine—‘Mr. *John Jones* is ready to take wine with your Grace’—awkward mistake—*monstrous* awkward mistake ; people should never use nick-names—how was I to know his name was John ? who knows but I’ve offended the man, and he’s turned Tory ? sad mistake, monstrous sad

mistake—never heard him called anything but Brown Jones in my life—could have *sworn* his name was Brown Jones—must be asked however—make it up—shall take your mamma to dinner—mind that Jeems, and *you* be very civil to him, *monstrous* civil.”

Thereupon his Grace added John Jones’s name to the list.

“He shall have a bed too,” added his Grace, putting a cross to Jones’s name, “though he lives in the inner circle.”

“Have you got Mr. Jorrocks’s name down?” inquired the Marquis, after a pause.

“Mr. Jorrocks! Mr. Jorrocks!” repeated his Grace.

“Mr. Jorrocks, of Hillingdon Hall, you know—the old gentleman I stayed with,” explained the Marquis.

“Ah, true!” observed his Grace, “I know who you mean—the old gentleman who came here, and sat drink—drink—drinking such an unreasonable time. *No, I’ve not got him,*” said his Grace, with a shake of his bald, white-whiskered head.

“You had better, I think,” observed the Marquis.

"Can't stand him ! can't stand him !" exclaimed the Duke, shaking his head again ; " far too hospitable for me, far too hospitable for me—no getting him away from the table—no getting him away from the table."

" O, but you might get some one to drink with him. Old Hobanob, of the Haw, for instance, is fond of his wine, or Mr. Lushman, or Captain Fairdrinker."

" Ah, true ; but Mr. Jorrocks is a *desperate* sitter," observed his Grace. " Then he *will* give toasts ; I assure you I have hardly got over the headache he gave me when he was here before—desperate sitter ! desperate sitter indeed !"

" He's a good old fellow too," rejoined the Marquis.

" Oh, I dare say he's all that—good man—monstrous good man ; but he's a hard drinker—monstrous hard drinker—headache-giving old man."

" You have made him a magistrate, too ; I think you should have him if it is only for the sake of appearances."

" Ah, that's another misfortune !" exclaimed his Grace, " that's another misfortune. I have

got the whole commission up in arms again; all swear they'll resign. Bag full of letters—disagreeable—monstrous disagreeable.”

“He's just as good as half of *them*, I dare say,” replied the Marquis, determined to stick up for his friend.

“Very true—very true, my dear!” observed the Duke, throwing his white-bearded head up in the air. “Still they *do* make a great outcry; they say he can neither speak English nor write it. Certainly his letter to me wasn't first-rate. However, that's done, and we must just make the best of it.”

“Then I would have him to dine, if it was only to show you are not ashamed of him,” observed the Marquis. “Besides, it is our turn to ask him, you know.”

“True, my dear—true; you should keep up your interest, and not lay yourself under obligations: but I think we may do it without sacrificing ourselves too much. That headache I *never shall forget*,” added his Grace with a shudder. “Does he drink much at home?” inquired he.

“Oh, no,” replied the Marquis, “not to any

excess. The first day, you know, we had a public dinner, and there was more speaking than drinking; then, the second, he had a few neighbours—ladies chiefly—and we had music and singing, and so on.”

“His daughter’s a fine girl,” observed the Duke; “monstrous fine girl—lady-like girl.”

“He has no daughter,” replied the Marquis.

“Oh, yes he has—oh yes he has,” rejoined the Duke; “she dined here—she dined here. Don’t you remember her?—blue satin gown on, feather in her head.”

“That was not his daughter—that was Mrs. Flather’s daughter,” said the Marquis, colouring slightly, for he hadn’t given over blushing.

“I am sure they called her Miss Jorrocks.”

“You did, I know,” observed the Marquis. “The fact was, she came with Mrs. Jorrocks, and you supposed of course she was Miss Jorrocks.”

“Ah, that was the way, was it?” observed the Duke—“that was the way, was it? Very likely—very likely; the servant made the mistake in announcing them, and I adopted it, I dare say—then he has no children?”

“No,” replied the Marquis.

“What does he do when he’s at home?” asked the Duke.

“O, he’s a great farmer,” replied Marquis; “most scientific farmer.”

“Is he indeed!” exclaimed his Grace. “Is he indeed,” repeated he; “well, now I should have guessed as much: fine farmer—*monstrous* fine farmer, I dare say.”

“Invents all sorts of ingenious things, draining tiles, thrashing machines, and I don’t know what else.”

“Clever man, I dare say,” rejoined his Grace “monstrous clever man.”

“O, very clever man,” replied the Marquis. “He has a most elaborate piece of machinery in hand now, that is to do I don’t know how many things at once.”

“Indeed,” replied his Grace, “monstrous clever thing, I dare say.”

“You had better ask him to dine, and he will tell you all about it,” added the Marquis, returning to the old point.

“Ah, that’s another question,” added the Duke —“that’s another question—should be very glad to see him to dine—monstrous glad to see him to

dine—only he is such a man for his bottle—such a man for toasts—such a man for speeches—such a man for drinking things three times over—gives me a headache to think of it,” added his Grace, pressing his hand on his forehead.

“ But I dare say we could manage him somehow,” observed the Marquis ; “ get Mr. Slushbucket to meet him—he is a regular two bottle man.”

“ Ah, but then Mr. Jorrocks wouldn’t be content with him—wouldn’t be content with him—besides, Slushbucket would go—Slushbucket has some tact—knows when to go—Jorrocks has none—Jorrocks has none—would victimize me again, to a certainty—couldn’t help myself, you know, and then I should have a headache for a week—fortnight perhaps—drinking’s a thing quite exploded.”

“ Except among farmers,” observed the Marquis, anxious to shelter his friend.

“ Ah, true,” replied his Grace, “ they take a great deal of exercise—monstrous deal of exercise. Mr. Jorrocks is out all day, I dare say—ploughing, or sowing, or harrowing, or something. No,” added his Grace, thoughtfully, “ I really *cannot* sacrifice myself again so soon to the old gentleman.

If I thought Mr. Slushbucket and he would do the business together, I'd have no objection to find wine—none at all—like it rather—for Mr. Jorrocks is a very conversable man—agreeable man—monstrous agreeable man; but then I know exactly how it would be—Slushbucket would go, and then it would be, ‘If your Grace will allow me, I’ll propose the health of the Duchess of Donkeyton,’ whenever Mr. Jorrocks saw me make a move to leave the table—or, ‘With your Grace’s permission, we’ll drink the Marquis of Bray’s good health again;’ and so he would go on till midnight. No, we had better give him something—make him a present—haunch of venison—saddle of south-down—sucking pig—something of that sort.”

“O, I dare say he has mutton enough of his own,” observed the Marquis.

“Ah, true,” exclaimed his Grace, with an assenting chuck of the head, “true, true. Well, something else—something farming. Dare say Jobson could spare us something that might be useful to him—Dorsetshire ewes—lamb at Christmas—Hampshire hog, or there’s that young bull he talked of taking to the fair—give him that—

handsome present — monstrous handsome present.”

“ I dare say that would please him,” observed the Marquis, who had heard of Mr. Jorrocks’s peregrinations and cogitations about a bull. Moreover, the Marquis saw the Duke was not to be talked into having Mr. Jorrocks again, and thinking the present of the bull would furnish excuse for another visit or two to Hillingdon Hall, he was content to accept his father’s offer. The fact was, the Marquis wanted a little change—a little excitement. The seclusion of Donkeyton Castle, though well suited to his Grace’s maturer years, was ill adapted to the warm temperament of the Marquis’s juvenile blood. A homebred youth, reared at his mother’s apron strings, he had none of the suitable-aged companions a public school and college enable a youth to select ; and now, as he advanced to manhood, he felt that yearning after something—that desire to be doing, incident to youth—and upon the right direction of which depends so much the happiness of life. The Duke of Donkeyton was a thick-headed, self-sufficient, old man—one who thought that everybody must like what he liked—and who could not

make allowances for the different tastes difference of age produces. Moreover, he wrapped himself in the mantle of his order, and procured as much ignorance of the world by exclusiveness, as his son possessed from inexperience. Now and then his Grace unbent, and did a little popularity, as we have seen him on the occasion of Mr. Jorrocks's visit, and as he now threatened to do by others; but he soon relapsed into his former stateliness, after having offended as many by his blunders and want of tact, as he pleased by his laboured condescension. Notwithstanding all this, however, his Grace believed himself extremely popular, and a perfect pattern of what an English nobleman ought to be. The Duchess was an amiable woman, but her sphere of action was naturally contracted, nor is her character important to our story, further than as her amiable qualities were inherited by the Marquis.

But to the bull.

His Grace having determined to compliment Mr. Jorrocks with a bull, in preference to undergoing his agreeable company at dinner, a messenger was despatched to the farm, to counter-order the animal's march for the fair, while the Marquis

indited the following letter to his friend, begging to offer him for Mr. Jorrocks's acceptance.

“ Donkeyton Castle.

“ DEAR MR. JORROCKS,

“ When I was with you the other day, you were anxious to procure a fine bull, and as my papa has a particularly good breed, he has kindly allowed me to select one for your acceptance, which I have very great pleasure in offering to you. Our steward tells me he is of the pure Durham breed, descended from Mr. Collings's Bolinbroke; his mamma, or whatever you farmers call the old cow, a descendant of the Godolphin Arabian cow, if I recollect right—but you shall have his pedigree regularly drawn up, if you think him worth your acceptance. His colour is milk white, and he is very tame. I hope Mrs. Jorrocks is quite well, and that you are getting on with your thrashing machine. I should like to drive over and see how you advance. Perhaps you would have the kindness to say if you are at home, and whether it will be convenient to you to receive me. My papa and mamma unite with me in best

compliments to Mrs. Jorrocks, and I remain, dear Mr. Jorrocks, very truly yours.

“ BRAY.

“ P.S. I am not quite sure that I am right about the pedigree of the bull. The steward showed me a young horse at the same time, that was going to the fair, and perhaps I may have confounded the two; but he will put it all right for you, I make no doubt.”

* * * * *

Mr. Jorrocks was overjoyed at the receipt of the foregoing. A bull was all he wanted to complete the measure of his happiness. A bull that would go about the country, and sweep away the prizes, and cause his master's name to be hailed in booth and tent with plaudits and acclamation. Now he had got one—*given* too. The following is a copy of his answer:—

HILLINGDON HALL }
TO WIT. }

“ DEAR MARQUIS OF BRAY,

“ Yours is received, and note the contents.

“ You have conferred an honour on John Jorrocks that he can never repay—your noble father

did me proud by makin' of me a beak, but your noble self has done me far prouder, by givin' of me a bull. The possession of a bull is the tip-top rail in the ladder of my hambition. Allow me to call him the Marquis of Bray; I feels assured he will never disgrace it—nay, that he will add fresh laurels to those you have gained. Never mind his pedigree—if he's a good handler, and straight in the back, I'll make him one from the Herd Book, that can't be surpassed. Collins is a name jestly dear to us farmers—*dear*, long afore Collins's axles were inwented. Bolinbroke was indeed a grand bull. His grandson was the sire of the cow "Lady," who at fourteen was sold for two hundred and sixty guineas. Countess, her daughter, fatched four hundred guineas, at nine years old—Major and George, two of her sons, the former three years old, the latter a calf, fatched one two hundred guineas, t'other a hundred and thirty; and, indeed, Lady's progeny are famous throughout the universe. Who knows but your lordship in givin' of me this bull, has laid the foundation of fame for the name of John Jorrocks, equal to that of the Collins, the Masons, and the Coates', of Scotland? With your permission, I'll go over to

Donkeyton on Thursday, to accompany the noble and valuable quadruped 'ome, and the sooner after that that your lordship comes to drink his 'ealth at my 'ouse, the better Mrs. Jorrocks and I will be pleased. Dinner at five, and no waitin'; so no more at present, from, my dear lord Marquis, yours to serve,

“JOHN JORROCKS, J.P.

“P.S. The Godolphin was an 'oss—not a short 'orn—possibly you've mexed the pedigrees, but no matter. Wot you calls my threshin' machine is I s'pose my grand reaper, plougher, sower, thresher, grinder, &c.—‘Jorrocks's Generaliser,’ or, ‘man of all work,’ as I calls it.—I haven't had time to get it stuck together yet; indeed, I'm a thinkin' whether it wouldn't be possible to add a baker's shop and oven; but when you comes over I'll have the joiner at work, and we'll see wot we can do. It'll be a grand concern; but at present the bull's the ticket.”

On the appointed day Mr. Jorrocks and Benjamin set of in the old rattle-trap to bring the bull from Donkeyton Castle to Hillingdon Hall. Mr. Jorrocks had provided a suitable domicile for him near the house, and laid in a most liberal

allowance of straw, cut clover, and every luxury a bull could require. The news of the Marquis's letter was known both at the Manse and Mrs. Trotter's, ere our worthy friend had mastered its contents, and both ladies dropped in casually at the hall, to try if they could learn anything about it. Unfortunately Mr. Jorrocks had not returned from his usual stare about the country; and though Mrs. Jorrocks kept turning the letter about on its corners, letting them see who it was from, she did not muster courage to open it. Mr. J. had her in better order.

The Duke of Donkeyton being afraid to encounter Mr. Jorrocks at luncheon even, deputed the Marquis to do the honours of the house to the distinguished visitor; but Mr. Jorrocks having a great contempt for luncheon at all times, and a violent desire to see his bull at the present one, could hardly find time to exchange common civilities with his noble host, who met him as he drove up to the door.

"And how is Mrs. Jorrocks?" asked the Marquis, after he had shaken hands with our worthy friend on alighting from his antediluvian vehicle.

"Quite well. 'Ow's my ball?' " inquired he.

"I thought you'd have driven Mrs. Jorrocks, or some of the ladies, over with you this fine day," observed the Marquis.

"Mrs. J. couldn't have driven the ball 'ome, you know," replied Mr. Jorrocks.

"No, no more can your boy for that matter, I should think," observed the Marquis, looking at Benjamin's insignificant figure.

"Doesn't know that," replied Mr. Jorrocks, adding, "wot the big 'uns does by strength, the little 'uns does by hartifice."

"Well, but you'll walk in and take a little jelly, chicken broth, or something, after your long drive," said the Marquis.

"I think not, thank you," replied Mr. Jorrocks—"never takes the bloom off my appetite by luncheon—'spose we walk and see the ball, while Binjimin gets Dickey Cobden a feed o' corn."

"With all my heart," replied the Marquis—"only it's a long way from here."

"Three or four miles, perhaps," observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the soles of his hessians, and wondering whether Dickey Cobden could draw them there.

“ Oh, no, only outside the wall—a mile or so.”

“ A mile’s nothin,” observed Mr. Jorrocks with a smile, giving the reins to Benjamin.

The two then set off on foot.

“ It is a charming day,” observed the Marquis, throwing back his pea-green cachmere coat, lined with silk, and displaying his embroidered braces, pink rowing-shirt, and amber-coloured waistcoat, adorned with many chains. “ Pray, how are all the ladies? ”

“ All werry well,” replied Mr. Jorrocks; “ take care they don’t make you the rewerse,” added he, with a knowing leer.

“ What for? ” inquired the Marquis.

“ *You* knows wot for,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a jerk of the head. “ Mrs. Trotter ’ll stand no nonsense,” added he; “ she’s a real knock-me-down man o’ business.”

“ But I’ve had nothing to do with Mrs. Trotter,” replied the Marquis, colouring brightly.

“ No—but you’ve been havin’ to do with her darter, she says, and she won’t stand no nonsense.”

“ Oh the silly woman,” exclaimed the Marquis, “ it was Emma Flather I was flirting with.”

“ Ay, Emma *too*,” said Mr. Jorrocks. “ *Her*

mother wants to take you through 'ands. Howsomever, never mind. Don't you go too far, or they'll be bringin' of you afore my worship—haw, haw, haw."

"Well, but what do they say?" inquired the Marquis, anxious to know how the land lay.

"Vy, jest *that*," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "that you're a courtin' on 'em both—and the mothers are wise enough to know they can't both get you."

"That's awkward," observed the Marquis, aloud, thinking he might flirt with half a dozen in London, without the others being much the wiser.

"Mrs. Trotter's a fine woman, but I shouldn't like to be basted by her," observed Mr. Jorrocks, shrugging up his shoulders—"she's a divil of a harm."

The Marquis shuddered. "You are joking, Mr. Jorrocks," at length said he.

"Deuce a bit! deuce a bit! they've been at me, both on 'em—layin' informations—layin' informations—trespass on the feelin's—trespass on the feelin's—howsomever, as I said before, *don't go too far*."

"*Far!*" exclaimed the Marquis, "why I've really said nothing!"

“Then you’ve been a squeezin’ their ’ands, or lookin’ sweet at them, or somethin,’ for both the mothers are hup in harms, and when an old ooman takes a thing in her, the deuce and all won’t drive it out again.”

* * * *

The long silence that ensued brought our friends to the encircling wall, and the Marquis applying a key to a small green door, let them out on the vulgar world beyond.

They were now upon the Duke’s farm. Lucky it *was* a Duke’s farm, for it would have ruined any other man. The spacious house was of the Elizabethan order, guarded by a haw haw and a shrubbery in front, which rose into forest trees towards the sides, shutting out the huge range of farm buildings behind. The house seemed to possess every requisite for a “genteel family,” as the auctioneers advertise. Mrs. Jobson was basking in an arbour on the west side, in an elegant morning dishabille—white muslin, with lavender-coloured ribbons—reading a pocket edition of “Don Juan,” when the well-known clap of the door, as the Marquis closed the Park one after him, sent her hurry scurry into the house, to

arrange a more attractive attire, beginning, of course, with that all-important article in female eyes, an elaborately worked collar. Mr. Jobson was loitering about in a brown sporting buttoned cut-away, duck trowsers, and Wellington boots, giving orders to sundry clowns in clogs, who looked far too white and puffy to work. Seeing the Marquis, he came deferentially forward, and, hat in hand, stood to receive his commands. His lordship proposed showing Mr. Jorrocks round the establishment, and accordingly a bell was rung at the back of the house, which served as a dinner bell for Jobson, and a summoning bell for the servants. The drones were suddenly called into activity. John Tolpiddle, the Dorsetshire dairyman, came forward in a brown holland blouse, and a short whip in his hand, to show the cows, some five and twenty of which stood "dos à dos" in a sky-lit byre, littered like Newmarket racers, with a tram-way down the centre, for the double purpose of carrying down forage and carrying up litter. The cows were beautifully clean, and the byre as sweet as a drawing-room. The loss upon this branch of the establishment was something under two hundred

a year, including Mr. and Mrs. Tolpiddle's wages, and that was considered very low. It had been as high as four hundred a year, but that was in consequence of his Grace having insisted upon making Cheshire cheese, which the poverty of the pasture had not allowed them to accomplish. The Tolpiddles, however, made very good white cheese; and Mr. Jobson, with a consideration that did him the highest credit, sooner than his noble master should be disappointed in his prophecy, that ere long they would make as good cheese at Donkeyton as they did in Cheshire, had arranged with another nobleman's Jobson in that county to exchange a certain quantity of cheese annually, and his Grace now eat Cheshire cheese with a hearty gusto, and a firm conviction that it was of his own making. "Let me send you a little Donkeyton Cheshire!" he would exclaim, down the table; "excellent cheese—*monstrous* good cheese indeed! Shows what science and perseverance can accomplish. This cheese was made on my own farm, at Strawberry Hill; every body said it was impossible. I said there was no such thing as an impossibility, and by persevering I've accomplished it. Let me send *you* a piece—

just to taste." And so his Grace praised and distributed his cheese round the table, which of course his guests praised also. "Excellent! nothing could be better! better than Cheshire!" "Well, I think so too," his Grace would exclaim. "Binks! the Burgundy."

The pigs were next inspected. John Jolter, late of Martyrs Worthy, in Hampshire, had been lured from his native hogs to superintend his Grace's piggery at Donkeyton, and with Mrs. Jolter, and a numerous family of little Jolters, occupied a sentimental-looking cottage in one corner of the spacious square forming the farm-yard.

Mrs. Smith, late of Leatherhead, superintended the Dorking fowls; while Mrs. Tubs, late of Pakenham, in Norfolk, had the charge of the turkeys; for each of which a beautifully clean, well-lighted, flued and stoved apartment was kept, above which were pigeon-houses, under the direction of Mr. Kite, the Islington bird-fancier. There were two shepherds, one from Cheviot, the other from Old Shoreham, in Sussex; also a goose-driver, from Spalding, in Lincolnshire; and a horse-breaker, from Malton, in Yorkshire. The

confusion of tongues, and the confusion of animals, was great.

Mr. Jorrocks went the rounds, as we have seen many a man go the rounds of a house, with ill-assumed interest. All he wanted to see was his ball. At length they arrived at the bull department. These were under the charge of a Durham man, John Topham, late of Middleton St. George. He first brought out one bull, then another, until at length he produced Mr. Jorrocks's "Young Goliah," as he was called. He was a noble animal, milk-white and silky coated, with a curly pow, and a deep dewlap reaching to his knees. He roared and bellowed and pawed the ground, and lashed his tail, as though all the world were his, and the bystanders mere intruders.

"He's an uncommon fine un!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, advancing towards him, a liberty the bull resented, by rushing headlong at our squire, and landing him on the top of the middin.

"Take care, my lord! take care, my lord! For God's sake take care, my lord!" exclaimed half a dozen hangers-on, rushing to his assistance, and raising Mr. Jorrocks from his soft, though

impure position. "He's not to be trusted with strangers, my lord," added Mr. Jobson, lording our Squire like the rest, for noblemen's servants always fancy noblemen's visitors must be noblemen.

"I fears Binjimin won't be able to take him 'ome," observed Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting his wig, and cleaning himself of the straw.

"O, we'll send him for you," observed the Marquis, still laughing at the upset.

"Ah, but I should like to take him 'ome with me," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "there's to be a little festival in our willage in honour of his arrival, and you see we can't rejoice without he's there. He must be introduced as a ball of his great consequence ought to be—a ball of consideration, in fact. I fears he will be rayther too many for my bouy Binjimin, though," observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the bull's enormous proportions.

"Oh, a boy would have no chance with him," observed the keeper; "he'd knock a whole troop of them over with his tail. *So*, my man, *so*," added the keeper, coaxingly, to the bull, rubbing his hand into his curly pow.

"'Ow ever shall I get him 'ome?" inquired

Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, as the bull began bellowing and roaring and lurching to and fro. "He's a hawkward customer, I'm a thinkin', with them polished 'orns of his. He may be a *short* 'orn, but I shouldn't like to have one o' them in my bread-basket, 'owever short."

"Oh, we will send him for you to-morrow," said the Marquis, "in the van; we keep a carriage for the quadrupeds on this farm."

"That's cuttin' it fat," observed Mr. Jorrocks—" 'opes he won't expect to have a chay kept with me; but howsomever, you see, I must have him 'ome to night by 'ook or by crook, or the willagers 'll be disappointed of their rejoicin'—bells to ring—children to dance—chaws to shout—self to make a speech, and all that sort of thing. Are there no posters to get in this country? Wouldn't mind standin' eighteen pence a mile for sich an unkimmon fine quadruped. The finest ball wotever was seen!—ball of all balls!"

"O, we can manage all that for you," observed the Marquis, who had only to give the order to be obeyed. "Tell them," said he to Jobson "to

put horses to the caravan, and take Mr. Jorrocks's bull home."

"Yes, my lord," replied Mr. Jobson, bowing respectfully.

The cart-horses, however, were all down at the Flemish farm, as a certain portion of Strawberry Hill was called, preparing a piece of ground for another triumph over nature, that of planting potatoes in autumn; and when Mr. Jorrocks and the Marquis returned from paying their respects to Mrs. Jobson, who had got herself and some seed-cake elegantly arranged in the lavender-coloured silk-furnished drawing-room, notwithstanding the time Mr. Jorrocks had consumed in prefacing the healths of the lady, and of Jobson, and of the Duke of Donkeyton, and of the Duchess of Donkeyton, and of the Marquis of Bray, and of the "Marquis secundus," as he called him, that was to say his ball, to each of which he drank a bumper of sherry, still, on his return, no horses had arrived. Jobson and Jorrocks then went to seek them; and the Marquis, fearful of walking himself into a fever, took leave of his respected friend, first intimating that he

should soon pay him a visit at Hillingdon Hall, and after spending half an hour with his *premier amour*, Mrs. Jobson, he returned alone to the castle.

Things then relapsed into a very lethargic mood, and the day was far spent before Mr. Jorrock got his bull into the caravan. Having seen it in and off, he returned to Donkeyton Castle, to get Benjamin and the carriage to follow; but we are ashamed to say, the servants had taken their revenge of Benjamin for winning so much money of them when he was there before, and not bringing any to play with them again, and had made him so drunk that he could not stand. Shocked at the boy's depravity, Mr. Jorrock curled him up like a cod fish, and stuffing him in behind the carriage, drove away as hard as ever Dickey Cobden could lay legs to the ground, to overtake the caravan with the bull. This he was not long in doing, for the driver had pulled up at the first public, and was regaling himself with a pot and a pipe. The consequence of all this was, that the villagers were disappointed of their festival. In vain the big-bustled girls strained their eyes along the turnpike. In vain the chaws

climbed on the gates. In vain Joshua Sneakington walked on as far as Old Moor Hill. No symptoms of Mr. Jorrocks or his bull appeared. At length the shades of summer night drew on; the beetles blundered in the waiters' faces, the bats hovered round and round, and the bark of the shepherd's dog was heard more plainly in the evening, still. At length Mrs. Jorrocks and her girls beat a retreat. The chaws gradually cleared off, some with their sweethearts, some in couples, some by themselves, and when Mr. Jorrocks arrived a couple of hours after, the road was as clear as if it had never known bustle. The only symptoms of the movement that remained on his arrival was a letter from James Blake, upbraiding him severely for having written to ask to have the bells rung in honour of his bull.

CHAPTER XXIII.

————— and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

EARLY risers see strange sights. Mr. Jorrocks's bull kept him in a state of excitement the whole night. He dreamt all sorts of horrible dreams. First that the bull-house was on fire, and the bull wouldn't come out. No, not all the bran mashes and chopped turnips in the world would induce The Marquis to come out. Then with a last desperate effort, just as he thought he saw the flames catching the straw behind the bull's tail, he succeeded in landing Mrs. J. with a terrible flam on the floor; next after he had got Mrs. Jorrocks appeased, and himself composed to sleep again, he dreamt he saw some idle boys pull the animal's tail off, and some idle girls join it and another

bull's tail together, and make a skipping rope of them. Then he dreamt he saw a blue-aproned butcher, with a knife in his hand, and a steel at his side, arrive for the purpose of slaughtering The Marquis, and the effort he made in roaring out "*that arn't him!*" again awoke him. No sooner was he composed to sleep after this, than he dreamt he had the bull at the Smithfield Cattle Show, and the judges wouldn't look at him—next that they gave him the premium, and Sir R. Peel snatched it from him as he carried it out of the bazaar. Then, that Lord Spencer inveigled him to Althorp, and kept him on oil-cake till he declared himself an anti-corn-law repealer. That when he was released, he had grown so fat he couldn't get out of the door. Then that his lordship put him and his Durham ox, and Prince Albert's Suffolk and Bedfordshire pig into a caravan, and sent them round the country as a show—a penny a piece, or twopence for the three. That he (Mr. Jorrocks) was continually getting stirred up with the long pole to show himself.

At length, feeling the impossibility of procuring anything like comfortable repose, our worthy cockney squire determined to vacate his couch

altogether, and rose just as a lovely summer sun beamed its first rays upon the beautiful landscape, gilding wood and water, hill and dale, with the luxuriance of its effulgence. Autumn was coming on. The reapers had been busy in many parts, and the golden corn stood in sheaf and stook in all the early places. Mr. Jorrocks surveyed the all-beauteous landscape from his room, and dressing himself in thick shoes, drab shags and gaiters, instead of the blue stockingnettes and hessians of the previous day, determined upon taking a ramble about the country, ere the harvesting population were abroad. Having first visited his bull, and found none of the direful calamities he had dreamt had befallen him, and having foddered him, and littered out his stall, and admired his just proportions, now seen to greater advantage without the competitors of Mr. Jobson's establishment, Mr. Jorrocks set out on his rambles. First he looked at Tomkins's sheep winding round the side of Holford Hill, then he stared Johnny Wopstraw's cows out of countenance—wondered how much milk each gave—whether the milk made good cream—and how much cheese the

dairy produced. Then he sauntered on, and admired Willey Goodheart's cart horses enjoying their rest, during the progress of the harvest—calculated how much each could draw — priced them separately — thought how much each would sell for at Tatt's; then lumped them altogether and struck an average. Then he hung over a gate opening into Tommy Sloggers' fallow—counted the thistles till he couldn't count them for thickness—calculated their probable produce next year—admired the brackens, and wondered whether the fallow was meant for a wheat or a bracken crop. Thought nothing could beat Sloggers for dirt—was sure he would get the prize for slovenliness. Had a good mind to walk on and knock at his door and tell him so. Thought perhaps he'd better not. Didn't like to be bit. Thought how often he had been bit in horse-dealing. Run his hunters through his mind, and thought he might write a paper, headed "My 'Osses, by Jorrocks." Stared at Smith's stack, wondered how many tons of hay it held. How long his bull would be in eating it. Thus our farmer friend sauntered over hill and over dale,

now standing with his mouth open inhaling the fresh morning air, admiring the prospect, or wondering whether it would be a good harvest—whether the yield would be deficient—whether the straw would be short or not—and considering whether money in the funds or money in a farm was the safest spec; thought it very odd that while all the farmers swore everything was ruinously cheap, yet if he happened to want anything, that article was invariably dear. Tried to make out how it was that lime was only a manure when given by the landlord, and possessed no “virtues” when the tenant had to buy it. The more Mr Jorrocks thought, the more he was puzzled about farming.

He had now got upon Mr. Heavytail’s, or the pet farm. Here he saw people astir on the side of the hill, and looking at his watch, and finding it yet wanted twenty minutes to five, he gave Mr. Heavytail or his people credit for great industry. They were in a corn field setting up the sheaves that no doubt had toppled over. No, they were on the part where the corn had been led. What could they be after? They crawled about as if they were after no good, now down the hedge side, now across the field corner, now flat on their

bellies. They must be waggabones. He would go and see.

Accordingly our friend crept stealthily round the hill, keeping under the walls and the hedges, taking an occasional peep to see that he was going in the line of the objects he had seen. At length he reached the adjoining field. He buttoned his coat, drew his breath, and availing himself of a deep ditch on his side, passed quickly along.

* * * * *

“Crickey, but here’s a plummy one!” from a shrill voice, told him that he was close upon the delinquents, and starting up by the side of a big tree, Mr. Jorrocks came upon Benjamin just as he was wringing the neck of a partridge that Joshua Sneakington had handed him from the net.

Benjamin stared like one possessed, for the fumes of the Donkeyton Castle drink were still upon him, and he gave a half-frightened idiotic sort of laugh, as though he didn’t know whether to cry or be pleased. Joshua Sneakington turned deadly pale, his compressed lip quivered, and his hand shook so that the unslaughtered partridges availed themselves of the commotion, and slipt out of the net.

“YOU INFERNAL WILLAINS!” roared Mr. Jor-

rocks with doubled fists from the top of the hedge, "I'LL TRANSPORT YOU ALL AND 'ANG THE REST," a declaration that had the effect of sobering Benjamin, who dropped on his knees, and with clasped hands began clamouring for mercy—" *Mercy! mercy! mercy!*" exclaimed he, "it was all this infernal willain wot forced me to it, there wern't a better disposed bye in all the world afore I got acquainted with this great hugly thief," casting an indignant glance at the still trembling Joshua.

"You warmint!" grinned Mr Jorrocks, still standing with clenched fists, gasping for rage, and meditating whether to jump a-top of Benjamin or not.

"Indeed I'm innocent, sir," continued Benjamin, looking imploringly at his master. "There weren't a more virtuous amiable bye than I was afore I got corrupted by that amazin' great willain. He's enough to ruin a county."

Joshua now began to recover his senses, and looking beseechingly up at the still bristling, eye-glistening Squire, was beginning, "Oh, your worship!"

"Don't vorship me!" roared Mr. Jorrocks, "you unmitigated scamp. No wonder my par-

tridges are few, and the fizzants don't crow as they used. Get out o' my sight you double-distilled essence of roguery, or assuredly I'll murder you ; I'll ram your 'at down your puritanical throat, and stuff a stockin' arter it."

Joshua took the hint and strode quickly away, cursing his unlucky stars for having embarked in such a speculation, and wondering what would come of it all.

Benjamin, like a licked cur, then came to "heel," and followed Mr. Jorrocks, exonerating himself and inculpating Joshua as he went. Benjamin had had enough of Joshua, and wasn't sorry to get rid of him. First he told all about the netting, and how Joshua had a pheasant call that would draw all the pheasants out of the covers, and how he had been making pies of the young ones already. He also showed Mr. Jorrocks where he had fed the partridges, and the sticks and furze bushes he had used to prepare them for the mysteries of the net, and how Joshua took them, and all how and about it in fact.

Mr. Jorrocks having learnt all he could, put Dickey Cobden to his carriage immediately after breakfast, and drove himself and Benjamin over

to his friend Captain Bluster's, where, after a full disclosure by Benjamin of all, and perhaps a little more than he knew, they concocted a three months' committal for Joshua, which our friend thought it better to put up with than risk a severer sentence at sessions. So great was his popularity, that half the village of Hillingdon visited the prison during the time he was there, for the pleasure of seeing Joshua in gaol.

CHAPTER XXIV.

“ Soon as the morning trembles o’er the sky,
And, unperceiv’d, unfolds the spreading day,
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,
In fair array, each by the lass he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameless gentle offices her toil.”

THOMSON’S SEASONS.

JOSHUA Sneakington being comfortably provided for in goal, Mr. Jorrocks had an inward inquiry as to how it was that he, a sharp London merchant, had been done by such a country lout as Joshua—Jorrocks, who had once got to the windward of Rothschild in a deal, and who was reckoned the second-best judge of treacle in the trade. To carry the inquiry out, our friend called in the assistance of his neighbours, who, as usual, “knew it all before.” “O, they knew all about it! Didn’t *he* know?”

Well, now, that was odd ! If they'd only thought *that*, they'd have told him directly. Joshua was the greatest rogue in the country ; Joshua had cheated every body — had cheated them, had cheated Brown, had cheated Green, had cheated Brown Jones, had cheated White Jones—would rob a church—should have been transported long since ;” in short, gave Mr. Jorrocks such information as caused him to doubt whether all the knavery was really settled in London, and all the honesty in the country.

An Uxbridge, a Watford, or a Twyford waggoner, in his gosling-green-embroidered breasted frock, round-crowned ticketed hat, clumsy pack-thread-pointed whip, and enormous hob-nailed highlows, wending his way along Holborn or Oxford Street, with his rough-coated, mud-stained team, and a rickety wain, had always appeared to Mr. Jorrocks the impersonification of simplicity and rural honesty. If he had wanted his washing sent into the country, or a goose brought from it, he felt as if he could have trusted one of these simple-looking chaw-bacons, without “noting” the contents of the bundle, or limiting him as to price for the goose. Far otherwise

did he feel with regard to any of Meux's, or Barclay and Perkins's "*hey the whays!*" with their red nightcaps, plush breeches, dirty cotton stockings, and bluchers. They, he felt certain, would put the bundle "up the spout," or make purl or "half-and-half" of the goose money.

Such were the ideas with which Mr. Jorrocks had emigrated into the country—ideas not uncommon, we believe, among those whose lives, like his, have been spent in the great city of London; and now, at his age, to awake to the unpleasant conviction that there were as big thieves in the country as in London, was rather startling and unpleasant; worse still to think that he had been victimized by one of the fraternity. Joshua had had a fine time of it. His respectable appearance, his plausible tongue, his subtle management, aided by Mr. Jorrocks's unsuspecting confidence and self-sufficiency, had afforded him opportunities that his able mind knew well how to make the most of. *He had bit him.*

Joshua had certainly been of use to Mr. Jorrocks—but for him, our worthy friend would have paid about double for everything that he bought, and been desperately cheated in bulls, and all

farming transactions; and now that Joshua was on the "mill," Mr. Jorrocks began to feel the loss of his managing mind. Benjamin was of no use whatever out of doors; indeed, he candidly told his master one day, when he wanted him to lead ashes out with Dickey Cobden, that he "didn't profess to be a farmer."

Plenty of people offered for the vacant situation, but Mr. Jorrocks was afraid and durst not venture. His time and thoughts were divided between his bull, and the question who should be Joshua's successor. The bull was very expensive. Before Mr. Jorrocks had had him a week, he had been the means of consuming half a dozen of sherry, and a suitable quantity of seed cake, every body that called being supposed to have come to see the quadruped. Indeed, he was the cause of a sore disappointment to Mrs. Flather. "You must come and see the Markiss," said Mr. Jorrocks, in an off-hand sort of way to her, coming out of church on the Sunday after the bull's arrival; and, accordingly, Emma and she arrived, tricked out in their very best, and found that the "Markiss" he meant was the bull.

The factotum question was very perplexing.

Mr. Jorrocks thought over every body, from Bill Bowker downwards, and could not hit upon any one qualified for the post. The farmer's instructor was floored. In truth, it was rather a difficult office to undertake, having to lead the blind leader of the blind. Mr. Jorrocks began to suspect that he was not quite so wise as he thought. That, however, he kept to himself.

It was on a bright summer afternoon, when the harvest was at its height, and joyful cheers rang ever and anon on the surrounding landscape, denoting that now another and another farmer's fears were over, by the last of his corn getting cut, that Mr. Jorrocks, still meditating, and uncertain, sauntered from his house by the more unfrequented paths, and sought the sweet communion of nature, without the interruption of mankind. The country was in full beauty. The green grass shot forth vigorously, obliterating the scythe marks of the mower; the clover presented a fragrant second crop; turnip fields were unfolding their leafy honours; and all these commingled with the waving corn, or dotting stooks of golden grain with the purple heather of the higher lands, or sky-line-breaking larch or pine of the

hill-tops, presented a rich mixture of primeval nature and agricultural improvement. The trees were still in full leaf, and though autumn's later tints were wanting, still there was a goodly mixture of foliage, by the dotting of the gay larch, or sombre spruce, or darker pine, among the masses of oak wood, while the white birch stood outside in gay relief against the rest. The loaded corn fields scattered here and there among the woods, diversified the landscape, and presented a rich picture of bounteous plenty.

Mr. Jorrocks sauntered on, now across the green sward, now hip-high in waving corn through the field path, now forcing a way through the rank grass and concealing brambles of the wood track, and now roaming again upon the wilder turf, sprinkled with heather and field-flowers. At length he got into one of those now rarely-met-with passages, a green lane. It was a real green lane. Scarce a cart-rut broke its even surface, and its verdure was kept so close nipped by cattle, that the traveller had not sufficient temptation to keep in any track, so as to form one decided foot-way. It was one of those continuous lines of bye-roads frequented chiefly by cattle drovers.

The woodbine-entwined and rose-bending bushes of the high hedges in the narrow parts formed a cool shade, while broader places, widening into patches of common towards the hill-tops (over which these roads always pass), furnished cheap pasture for the loitering cattle.

As luck would have it, just as our Squire got to the narrowest part of this green lane, and within a hundred yards of where he meant to turn off, to make a circuit back to Hillingdon Hall, he encountered a large drove of Scotch kyloes, picking their way as they went. There might be fifty or sixty of them, duns, browns, mottles, reds, and blacks, with wildness depicted in the prominent eyes of their broad faces.

"Hup! how! how!" cried our Squire, throwing up his arms to get them to clear a passage for him, a movement that only threw confusion into the herd, and caused them to butt and run foul of each other. They didn't seem to care twopence for the Justice.

"Had bye, ar say, there!" holloaed a voice from behind, accompanying the demand with a crack of his stick on the quarter of the hindmost kyloe.

“*You* get out o’ the vay, I say!” roared Mr. Jorrocks, indignant at being spoken to in such a manner.

“God smash! how can ar get out o’ the way?” replied the same voice, again visiting the hindmost kyloe with a crack. “De ye think a kyley’s like a huss, that ye an (one) can pull about by the gob?”

Mr. Jorrocks again raised his arms, and by dint of *shew! shew! shewing!* and keeping close to the hedge, succeeded in forcing his way through the herd.

He now got a sight of the drover, as the latter rose a short hill that had kept him below the level of the cattle. He was a tall, ungainly-looking man, in a Scotch cap, with the lower part of his face muffled up in a plaid, which spreading in ample fold across his chest, was confined by the fringed end under the right arm. A rudely-cast brass shamrock and thistle decorated the red and grey border of the woollen cap, in which was stuck a splendid eagle’s feather, that stood boldly above the crown. Long, straggling, iron-grey locks escaped from below the cap’s close-fitting sides, making the aquiline

nose and bright hazel eyes of the wearer more conspicuous.

The upraised arms, now employed in frightening, now in beating the cattle, displayed the dark green tartan, of which the wearer's little butler's-pantry sort of jacket was made ; while a very short, much-stained, red waistcoat kept at a very respectful distance from a pair of very baggy, drab, shag breeches, confined at the knees with buttons of various colours and patterns. First, on the right leg came a large white one, with a fox, and an L below it ; then a black horn one ; then a large yellow one with a fox and an N ; then a button with a coronet and a bunch of hieroglyphics ; followed on by a white button with a fox's mask. On the left leg the row began again with a large button of the fox and L pattern, followed on by a black horn one, then a gilt one, with a ducal coronet and a B below ; then came another yellow one, with another bunch of hieroglyphics ; and the bottom one was a gilt one, with a fox's mask, and three letters.

The jean gaiters, which were uncommonly tight, as if to show the spindleness of the wearer's shanks and the profuseness of his breeches, were

decorated, if possible, with a greater variety of buttons, there being in addition to the yellow and white ones, some of a mixed species, and some few non-sporting ones, of coloured glass.

“Vy don’t you get out o’ the way with your nasty lousy Scotch cattle?” exclaimed Mr. Jorlocks, as he neared the uncouth figure.

The eagle-plumed hero stood transfixed.

“Don’t you hear vot I said, man?” inquired Mr. Jorlocks, speaking louder, and standing on a green hillock, as if to increase his importance by height.

“God smash, if it arn’t the ’ard squire!” exclaimed the figure, “why dinnut ye ken ye an?” added he, taking off his Scotch bonnet, and lowering the plaid from before a very tobacco-stained mouth.

“*Vy, it’s James Pigg!*” exclaimed Mr. Jorlocks, jumping down and running towards him. “James, my good frind, ’ow d’ye do?”

“Nicely, thank ye; how’s theesel?” replied James, pulling off a greasy old glove, and offering his hand, saying, “give us a wag o’ thy neif.”

Mr. Jorlocks and he then shook hands.

“D—n but ar’s glad to see thee,” said James,

as soon as their hands were released. "A, God, what a belly thou's gotten," added he, eyeing his late master's corporation.

"And vot are you arter now, James?" inquired Mr. Jorrocks, without noticing the observation.

"A, ar's gotten a livin' just how ar can—whiles yean thing, whiles another. Ar's travellin' beast enow. Ye dinna want ne beast ar's warn'd, de ye?" added he, pointing to the drove.

"Vy, no, I thinks not, James," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "but vere do you come from now—vere are you livin', in fact?"

"A, ar's livin' aside canny Newcassel. You ken canny Newcassel, where the coals come frae?"

"Ah, the Vallsenders," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "then you've left your uncle, Deavilboger, 'ave you?" added he, remembering his late huntsman's former locality.

"Why, no, ar's not, ar's drivin' for the ard Deavil enough. He's mar coosin, not my uncle."

"Vell, but tell us all about it. Here, set down on this bank," continued Mr. Jorrocks, pointing to a hillock under the high hedge near where they stood. "Take off that ræmbustical thing,"

added he, touching Pigg's plaid, "and let's sit on it."

"Ay, to be sure," said Pigg, unfolding it from his chest. "It's mar *plaide*: ar's gotten mar frilled sark, every-day breeks, and Sunday shun (shoes) in it," pointing to a bump at the sewn up end of the plaid. which he placed for himself to sit down by.

"Vell, now," said Mr. Jorrocks, adjusting himself comfortably, "tell us all how and about it—the cattle 'll pick quietly along the green lane, and a rest 'ill do you no 'arm this 'ot day. Tell us now, vot 'ave you been a doin' since we parted?—'ow does the world use you? Wot's there a goin' on in Scotland? How's Deavil-boger? 'Ave you got a wife yet? 'Ow are the markets with you?"

"Ay, the Deavil's gay and well," interrupted Pigg, knowing his late master's propensity for stringing on questions, "how's theesel? ye did not chew neane, ar's warn'd," added he, producing a japanned tobacco-box, and offering Mr. Jorrocks a quid.

Mr. Jorrocks declined.

Having replenished his own mouth, James

clasped his hands upon his rugged oak staff, and sticking out his legs, leant forward upon it.

“Vot a lot o’ rum battons you’ve got on your breeches and gaiters,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at Pigg’s legs.

“Ay,” replied Pigg, cocking up one of his spindle shanks, “the breeks is a pair o’ yeer ard ’uns; they’re what ye had on the day t’ard huss coup’d ye into the bog.”

“I minds it, James Pigg!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, brightening up at the recollection. “I minds it,” repeated he, taking hold of the old shags—“many a good run I’ve seen in them breeches, many a one again in Surrey and elsewhere—dear old things,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, rubbing his hand down them as he would down a horse. “You’ve done them justice in the batton line, I’m glad to see,” observed he. “Lots o’ foxes! lots o’ fine things! Coronets, and I don’t know wot!”

“Ay, *lots*,” replied Pigg, with an emphasis. “Sink it, ar’s glad ar put them on to-day. They’re mar lucky breeks. A, they’re a grand sight o’ buttons! A, they’re worth a vast o’ money! A, they’re good for sore eyes! That

yeen," putting his thumb on the white button, and polishing it up a little, "was Squire Lambton's. A, a grand man! Sick a man for the hoont. A, as canny Codlin used to say, ye may get prime beef, and prime mutton, and prime ministers; but ye'll niver get sic a prime sportsman as Ralph Lambton again. A, he was a grand 'un," added Pigg, polishing it again. "The next year's Sir Matthew's, a fox and a B for Blagdon," continued Pigg, putting his thumb on the yellow button; grand man—Sir Matthew, grand kennel, grand stable."

"That's an N, James," observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking attentively at the button.

"No, it's a B," replied Pigg, at least it should be a B; or else it's an R for Ridley."

"This is Elcho's," continued he, proceeding with the exhibition—"a lord's hat, with a lot o' sarpents below."

"Them's letters," observed Mr Jorrocks, trying to decipher them.

"Elcho's a grand man," observed Pigg, without noticing his late master's observation, "ar's thinkin' of shiftin' him to t'other leg," turning the left one partially round, "and then ar'd

Squire Lambton and he may glower at each other. Take these black uns off," said Pigg, "and put an Elcho on each side, perhaps. A, he's a grand man, Elcho! A, how he can ride! A, how he can go! A, what a pack o' hunds he has! A, how he does dust the foxes! Ye should see his ard dog Contest. Faith, he's gotten wor ard huss, Arterxerxes!"

"*Arterxerxes!* you don't say so, James," exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks."

"Ay, has he," replied Pigg, turning the quid in his mouth, "grand huss he is too; not the best Elcho has though, by monny."

"Vell, I'm glad to hear the old oss is in good 'ands," observed Mr. Jorrocks cheerfully, "he carried me well sometimes."

"He was our mony for *thou*," observed Pigg. "He was aye tumblin' of ye down. Do you mind when we had to saw ye out o' the thorn hedge?"

"Deed do I!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, in ecstacies; "wot a run that was! saw them pin the warmint in the corner of the stubble-field by the stacks, as I was stuck up aloft in the thorn. Those were fine times, James! those were fine times!"

"*Aye, were they,*" replied Pigg, wiping his tobacco-stained mouth across the back of his hand. "Sink it, what brandy we used to drink ! Have never had a real good drench since, but yance at Squire Russell's. Sink," added he, giving his knee-cap a hearty slap, "if the butler didn't give me as much brandy as ever I could had (hold). Grand man, Squire Russell ! That's his button," added Pigg, pointing to a gilt one, with twisted letters. "Ar'll have him put higher up when ar shifts Elcho," added Pigg, eyeing its present position. "Ther, on the gaiters, are mostly dead uns," observed Pigg, glancing down his legs. "The twe top uns are Handley Cross, wor ard buttons. This yeany, with the raised sar-pents," taking hold of a yellow button with raised letters at the top of the right leg, "was Lord Londondarry's. He got the Sedgely country when Squire Lambton gave it up. Ard Price gave me the button. That plain yeany was Squire Williamson's. A, he was a grand man for the hoont. The next was the ard Duke o' Cleveland's. Got a duke's hat you see," added he, turning the button for Mr. Jorrocks's inspection. "Raby hoont, as it was called," added Pigg,

letting it go again. "Ar's gotten another duke's button somewhere," continued the showman, looking at his legs. "Buckleugh's; aye, here it's," said he, "among the whick uns," pointing to one at his breeches knees. "Duke's hat, you see," said he, "and B, for Buckleugh—grand man, Buckleugh; Mr. Williamson, the huntsman, gav me the button—grand man, Mr. Williamson!"

"Ay, ay, you're all grand men you Scotchmen, accordin' to your own accounts," interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, "it's the old story of 'caw me, and I'll caw ye.'"

"Sink, ar's ne Scotchman," replied Pigg, indignant at the observation. "It's all gospel what I've telled ye."

"Vy, if you're not a Scot, you're next door to one," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "jest as much a Scot as a Borough man's a Londoner."

"Why ye 'ard gouk," exclaimed Pigg, "doesn't ar tell ye ar lives aside canny Newcastle, how the deavil then can ar be a Scot?"

"Vy, I don't know," replied Mr. Jorrocks, soothingly, "you certainly speak rayther Scotchy."

“Hoot, that’s all fancy,” replied Pigg, “it’s just because ar’s gotten a *plaide*,” added he, taking hold of the thing on which they were sitting.

“Vell,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, smilingly, “it may be—it may be, my good frind—let us talk about Deavilboger and his farm.”

“Sink the farm!” exclaimed Pigg, “ar niver talks about farmin’ when ar can talk about huntin’—yeen wad ha thought now you’d have liked to have heard tell all about mar grand buttons,” said Pigg, looking lovingly down his legs.

“*Dash your buttons!*” grunted Mr. Jorrocks aloud, “tell me what do you do when you’re not cattle drivin’?”

“Why, I works for mar cousin, Deavilboger,” growled Pigg, “ploughs, dikes, sows, reaps—aught in fact.”

“Tell me, now,” asked Mr. Jorrocks, “has Deavilboger a ball?”

“Bull! aye!” exclaimed Pigg, “grand bull, best i’ the country, took two prizes—gold shoe-horn—silver wine-funnel.”

“And you’re not reg’larly hired to Deavilboger, I s’pose?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Not by the year,” replied Pigg, “ I warks piece wark.”

“ Vot’s that ? ” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Why, se much for dein’ se much—ten shillin’s for turnin’ a middin’—five shillin’s for cleanin’ a fard, and se on.”

“ Humph,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, not catching all the last sentence. “ I s’pose,” observed he, “ that reg’lar wages are better than piece work.”

“ Ne doot,” replied Pigg, “ ne doot; but yeon cannot always get them, ye ken.”

“ Humph,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, considering how he should sound him. “ I s’pose you’d like to get a good place ? ”

“ Ne doot,” replied Pigg, “ ne doot, where there are some hunds.”

“ You wouldn’t like a farm servant’s place, I s’pose,” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“ A faith ar’s not sarcy ! ar’d turn my hand to aught.”

“ Or go any where ? ” asked Mr. Jorrocks.

“ A, arll places is alike to me,” replied Pigg. “ Ar’s gotten a bit shop enow that mar missus keeps, but ar could soon shut that up.”

“Vot, you’ve got a missus, ’ave you?” observed Mr. Jorrocks.

“Housekeeper, that’s to say,” replied Pigg, “housekeeper—*ar niver marries them*,” added he, with a shake of the head.

“And vot do you sell,” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“Why, tape, pins, thread, buttons, galluses, onything—ye didna want ne galluses, ar’s warn’d de ye?”

“No vot?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks.

“*Galluses*,” repeated Pigg, “things to had your breeks up by,” explained he.

“No, but I thinks *you* do,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the great interregnum between Pigg’s red waistcoat and shags.

“A, sink, ar never wears neane,” replied Pigg, turning his quid; “but I mun be gannin,” added he, with a start, “it’s foour o’clock, I see!”

“How do you see that?” asked Mr. Jorrocks.

“By the shearers, yonder,” replied Pigg, his keen eye glancing to a distant hill where the work-people had just left off. “Well, ar’s main glad to see thou,” said he, rising himself from the bank with his staff—“*deed is ar*,” continued he, standing and looking at his late master, adding—“ye dinna drink ne brandy now ar’s warn’d.”

"I'll give *you* summut to get a glass with," observed Mr. Jorrocks, with a smile, diving his hand into his breeches pocket, and producing a great five-shilling piece. "There," said he, "there's a dollar for you, and when you've delivered your cattle, if you come back this way I'll give you another, and meanwhile I'll try to get you a place."

"A, you're a grand man," replied Pigg, taking the five-shilling piece, with a duck of the head. "A, you *are* a grand man," repeated he, as he eyed it. "Ye diuna want ne sarvant yoursel' ar's warned?"

"I lives about a mile and au 'alf from here," observed Mr. Jorrocks, pointing in the direction of the village of Hillingdon. "You ask for Squire Jorrocks; anybody can tell ye where I lives."

"Ne doot," replied Pigg, "ne doot; ar's warned ye, ar'll find ye out," added he, hitching up his breeches, and adjusting the plaid as it was when we found him. Having taken leave of his former master, he then proceeded, *hup howing*, on his way.

"Rum betch, that fellow," said Mr. Jorrocks, aloud to himself, as Pigg left him; "shouldn't wonder if he might suit me."

CHAPTER XXV.

“That well-known name awakens all my woes.”

ANOTHER letter with the Marquis’s coronet again threw the village of Hillingdon into commotion. His lordship wanted another turn with his agricultural friend, or rather a little flirtation, under pretence of a visit to him. Thus he wrote—

“*Donkeyton Castle.*

“DEAR MR. JORROCKS,

“I was glad to hear your bull arrived safe, and sorry to hear that your coachman was taken ill at our house the other day—I hope, however, he is better, and that there is nothing to prevent your receiving me at Hillingdon Hall on Thursday next, when I purpose driving over, and staying all night. Pray write me a line, saying if it will

be convenient, and with best regards to the ladies,
believe me, dear Mr. Jorrocks,

“Yours very truly,

“BRAY.”

The following is Mr. Jorrocks's answer.

Hillingdon Hall,
to wit. }

“MY DEAR LORD MARQUIS,

“Yours, of no date, is received, and note the contents. We shall be most proud to receive you on Thursday—dinner at five, and no waitin'. My bull arrived safe; thanks to your lordship for lending of me your wan. It would have taken *his* lordship a precious long time to waddle here. I don't think he can go much above a mile an hour. But he's a noble quadruped! Uncommon! The admiration of the country. All the ladies come to look at him. Dare say he's cost me a dozen of wine already—sponge biscuits in proportion. Wot you calls my 'coachman,' is my bouy Binjimin, I s'pose; some o' your long, lazy Johnnies made him drunk. Scandalous work! Howsomever, I licked him uncommon; and if

your chaps had their licks too, it wouldn't do them no harm. Intoxication is a beastly vice. Bad in a man, but shockin' in a bouy. I wonders you great men don't keep a private treadmill for your Johnnies. Howsomever that's enough ; so 'oping to see you, I remain,

“ My dear Lord,

“ Yours to serve,

“ JOHN JORROCKS, J.P.

“ *August 29th, 184—.*

“ *To the most noble the Marquis of Bray.*”

Mr. and Mrs. Jorrocks had a most solemn argument as to who they should have to meet the Marquis. Mr. Jorrocks rather inclined to Mrs. Flather, while Mrs. Jorrocks insisted upon inviting Mr. and Mrs. Trotter, and Eliza. In fact she had done it before she argued the point ; and finding that to be the case, Mr. Jorrocks invited the Flathers also, so that between them they made what Mr. Jorrocks called “ a pretty kettle of fish.”

The day but one before that fixed for the Marquis's visit, Mr. Jorrocks, while taking his daily stroll, ascended the hill leading up to Mr. Heavy-

tail's pet farm. Mr. Heavytail was exceedingly busy, preparing for his harvest home. The shearers were at work on the north side of the hill, and the golden grain stood in well-filled stooks in most of the fields around. It had been a capital harvest. The weather had been all that could be wished, and Mr. Heavytail was going to evince his gratitude, by giving his servants and labourers a plentiful repast at the close. The large barn was swept out, rustic chandeliers hung from the rafters, and block-tin candle-holders were stuck promiscuously into the walls. Mrs. Heavytail was equally busy. She was making mountainous plum-puddings, and skewering corresponding rounds of beef—cheese, too, appeared likely to be abundant.

“Vell, Mr. 'Eavytail,” said Mr. Jorrocks, poking his way into the barn, with his hands behind his back, in his usual vacant sort of way; “vot are you arter now? goin’ to give a lector, are you?” added he, looking at the illuminatory preparations.

“GOOD MORNIN’, SIR,” roared Mark, as if Jorrocks was half a mile off; “GETTING READY FOR OUR HARVEST HOME, YOU SEE,” continued he,

pointing to the candles and some old banners, with the usual agricultural mottoes, "Live, and let live," "Speed the plough," and so on, upon them.

"So," said Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the proceedings, "goin' to 'ave a little procession, are ye? speech—frinds and fellow farmers!" continued he, extending his right arm.

"It's FOR OUR SUPPER NIGHT, SIR," roared Heavytail—"FINISH OUR HARVEST ON THURSDAY—GIVE THE MEN A SUPPER, WIVES A TEA, THEN COME IN HERE AND DANCE—ALL DRESSED UP, MEN AS WOMEN, WOMEN AS MEN, AND SO ON."

"Vot fun!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, shuffling with his feet, as if he would set to.

"FIDDLERS TO PLAY!" continued Mark, pointing to a chair, "STRONG ALE FOR THE MEN, TEA FOR THE LADIES AGAIN."

"Tea for the ladies again!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, "I'd give them a little strong ale too, I thinks! And is this annual?" asked Mr. Jorrocks, "once a year, in fact?" seeing Mark didn't take the first question.

"O YES," replied Mark, "EVERY YEAR—GRAND FUN."

“ So I should think,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, aloud to himself, “ vish I was a *real* farmer,” added he, “ instead of one of these harm chair ‘umbugs—*pheelosiphers* what they call.”

But to return to the ladies.

When Mrs. Flather and Mrs. Trotter found they were both invited (which they speedily learned from the servants, from that rural parliament, “ the well,”) each made up her mind not to go, and nothing but the dread of the other stealing a march, prevented their sending excuses. It was quite clear how it was—Mr. Jorrocks wanted to keep in with both; at all events he wouldn’t give either of them a lift. The result was, that each mother strove her utmost to set her daughter off to advantage. Mrs. Flather adhered to the blue silk that did so much execution at Donkeyton Castle, while Mrs. Trotter arrayed the beautiful brunette in a new pale pink silk, with an old rich point-lace berthe, that varying fashion had twice seen in favour. She had also got her a new bustle of very liberal dimensions.

The Marquis arrived in his Brougham, as before, in ample time to allow his French valet to make an uncommon swell of him. His fair hair hung

over his ears in longer ringlets than usual, and his shirt frill and front were perfect curiosities in the way of lace and needle-work. A very stiff starcher rose above the low velvet collar of his light blue coat, the neckcloth matching in whiteness the purity of his waistcoat, while his nankeen trousers were slightly shaped over the instep, to display the exquisite texture of his stockings, and his small buckles and French-polished pumps. Rings, brooches, buttons, chains, &c., were in their usual profusion.

Scarcely had the Marquis flourished round the drawing-room, and lisped out the usual nothings about the company worsted work, the view, and the weather, ere Benjamin announced Mrs. and Miss Flather, who greeted the visitor in a motherly and half-bashful lover-like sort of way. Before he had got in full swing with the fair Emma, the door opened again, and lo ! the goodly proportions of Mrs. Trotter filled the portal, followed by her diminutive husband and her eye-dazzling daughter.

The Marquis was thunderstruck. He never thought his agricultural friend would be such a fool as invite them together, especially after the

hint Mr. Jorrocks had volunteered on his way to Mr. Jobson's. The consequence was the Marquis was tongue-tied, and instead of indulging in all manner of high-flown sentiment in a lover-like undertone, he was obliged to speak up, while the mothers sat watching each move like the lookers on at a chess table.

A most tedious dinner was the result. Nor did the Marquis's misery end with the retirement of the ladies, for little Trotter stayed, and the conversation turned upon turnips. At length the trio returned to the drawing-room, and after a yawning, uneasy hour, Mrs. Flather said something about avoiding the evening dew, and having forced Mrs. Trotter into an assent, cloaks, shawls, and bonnets were sought out, and the meeting dispersed.

* * * * *

"It's a werry fine evenin'," observed Mr. Jorrocks to the Marquis, as he returned from setting them to the door, "werry fine evenin' indeed," added he, looking at his great noisy watch, and finding that it still wanted a quarter to nine.

"Wot shall we do with ourselves?"

"We might have set the ladies home if we'd

thought of it," observed the Marquis, who had thought of it very intently, but did not know how to manage it.

"We might so," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a vacant yawn.

"I've 'alf a mind," said he, after a pause, "to stroll up to Mr. 'Eavytail's pet farm, and see what they're a doin' in the dancin' line. It's only right for us jestices to patronize the amusements of the lower horders," continued he, anxious for an excuse to do what he wanted.

"O, is it his harvest home?" asked the Marquis.

"Yes," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "It's a sort of a masquerade thing, as I understands it. Dress up, King o' Bohemia—Timour the Tartar—William the Conqueror—Doctor Pangloss—then 'ands across and back again, down the middle and hup again." Mr. Jorrocks suiting the action to the word, and throwing himself about in attitudes.

"We might have some fun, I think," observed the Marquis, anxious for anything rather than bed; "only it wouldn't do to go as we are."

"O, no," replied Mr. Jorrocks—"dress up cer-

tainly. I've got a werry fine Scotch dress—kilts, filly-bag (philibeg), and all, wot I used to cut about in London in, that I could sport, only I don't know wot to put you in. My tops would be too big for you," added he, glancing at his own legs and at the Marquis's, "or I could rig you out as an 'untsman."

"O, both my legs would go into one of your boots," observed the Marquis: "besides, I should be lost in the coat."

"It would be rayther like a dressin'-gown, p'raps," replied Mr. Jorrocks; "it's roomy for me even," added he, feeling his great fat sides.

"I'll tell you wot we could do though," exclaimed he, after a few minutes' consideration. "We might dress you hup as a gal, and deuce a soul will ever know you. We've got some o' my niece Belinda's things, wot she left when she got married, that'll jest about fit you," continued Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing the Marquis's dimensions. "Werry pretty gal you'll make too," added the Cockney Squire.

The Marquis rather hesitated. He would have preferred being a huzzar, or a light dragoon, or something in the military line; but fancy dresses

not being procurable at a moment's notice in the country, he at length consented, and with the aid of Mrs. Jorrocks, accomplished a very becoming attire. White silk bonnet with a blue feather, blue and white striped dress, with his own Wellington boots.

* * * * *

Mr. Jorrocks was rotundity itself. The thick, well-puckered plaid stood from his plump person, while his corpulent calves loomed magnificent above his striped hose.

"There's an 'Ighlander for you!" exclaimed he, bounding into the apartment where Mrs. Jorrocks was dressing the Marquis, balancing himself on one leg like an opera-dancer, extending his arms with a lighted candle in the right hand.

" 'Ighlands gay, foots away,
'Appy on the weddin' day,"

continued he, whizzing himself round, tetotum-like, which had the effect of inflating his kilts and blowing out his candle.

"I wonders now," continued he, "if there really are people wot dress in this style," looking at his

bare legs, "or if it's jest one o' Walter Scott's wagaries. My vig, but you makes an uncommon pretty gal," added he, getting in front of the Marquis, and eyeing his bright ringlets and fair complexion, "werry pretty gal indeed. Mr. 'Eavy-tail 'ill wonder who the deuce it is—real lady!—swan's down muff and tippet, and a feather in her 'at, I do declare," continued he, eyeing the whole attire.

"Well now," continued he, adjusting his peacock-feathered cap before the mirror, "we'll jest steal quietly out at the back door, and you, Mrs. J., must see that it's left open when Batsay goes to bed, and I'll jest put the spirit-stand key in my filly-bag, and you must put glasses and vater in the closet for us again we come 'ome, for we shall most likely be drinkey for dry; so now let's mizzle, or we shall be losing 'alf the fun."

Our friends then set off. The night air had assumed an autumnal coolness, and our Cockney Highlander felt the want of his stockings before he had got across the second field, on his way by the back of the village. The young moon shone brightly in the sky, occasionally obscured by a

passing cloud. Mr. Jorrocks strode hastily on, followed by the Marquis, laughing ever and anon at the grotesque shadow his fat friend cast on the fields.

Thus they proceeded for a mile or so, the Marquis still keeping in the rear.

Presently lights appeared on the hill-top, and the sound of revelry fell on the country round.

"That's the place," observed Mr. Jorrocks to his friend, as they halted at a stone-stile and looked towards the lights. "You're not tired, are you?"

"O, no," replied the Marquis. "My petticoats are rather inconvenient, and catch the briars as I pass along, otherwise I could manage well enough."

"'Old them up," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "My kilts are werry cool, I know, and expose my legs desperate to the gnats."

Presently the lights became more apparent, and seemed to move about in greater numbers; and as they reached the foot of the hill, music and the clattering of the dancers sounded more distinctly.

"The game's begun," observed Mr. Jorrocks,

pretending to listen, but in reality drawing breath before commencing the steep ascent.

“We’ll soon be there now,” continued he, making a fresh start.

They then commenced the climb.

* * * * *

As they neared the summit of the hill, the noise of voices, the clapping of hands, the stamping of heels, the twang of the music, with here and there a rustic couple loitering about making love, announced a numerous gathering.

“There’s a precious sight o’ company,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, turning round to the Marquis, when a man with his face blacked, and a pair of horns on his head, trod on Mr. Jorrocks’s foot.

“O, you great clown !” roared Mr. Jorrocks ; “you’ve trod on my toe—my corney toe !” added he, catching his foot up in his hand.

“Why don’t you look where you’re going, you great woolpack ?” replied the man, pushing past.

“*Woolpack !*” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, letting down his leg, adding, in a lower tone—“I’ll lick you within a barleycorn o’ your life. Stop a bit

'ere," said he to the Marquis, "till I gets my mask on, or they'll be twiggin' on me."

Having got this adjusted, the Cockney Sawney took the arm of his fair friend, and, drawing a faded green-baize curtain aside, they passed at once from the open air into the barn ball-room.

The game was in full play. Amid clouds of smoke the dim, tallow candles shed an indistinct light upon a most miscellaneous collection of maskers and mummers. Here might be seen a man with an ass's head, coquetting with the tapster for another jug of barleycorn ; there a sailor footing it with a ram, or a haymaker with a billy-goat, many of the characters being from animal and agricultural life.

Our friends were some time after entering before they could discriminate objects.

Not so with those already in, for the appearance of our Squire and his fair friend caused an instantaneous outburst of exclamations, some not very complimentary to Mr. Jorrocks's proportions and his country, others in approbation of the fair companion of his travels. "Here's a Scot!" exclaimed one, pushing Mr. Jorrocks forward to show himself. "A real fat un," added a

butcher, poking him in the ribs. "A bare-legged un, too!" exclaimed a horse-jobber, feeling Mr. Jorrocks down like a purchaser. "Take care, he'll may be give you the itch!" observed a fourth, dressed as a sailor. "I once got it from a chap at Arbroath very like him." "Hang him, he's no Scot!" observed another, dressed as a woman; "are you, old joggle-belly?" continued he, giving Mr. Jorrocks a crack across the stomach. "Is he your dad, my bonny lass?" asked another half-drunken clown, taking a pipe from his mouth, and giving the Marquis a chuck under the chin, and a face full of smoke at the same time.

Mr. Jorrocks was rather abashed by their rudeness at first, but having often taken his own part among the frolicksome maskers in the days of the immortal Charley Wright, of gooseberry champagne celebrity, and in later times at the Crown and Anchor, and Lowther Rooms, he soon began to pick up and move freely about the barn. Not so the Marquis, who was sadly disconcerted at the rude liberties of the clowns, who pinched him and pulled him about, and made all sorts of observations upon his figure and appearance. At

last, having got separated from his bulky protector, he could no longer put up with the tender advances of a liquorish young husbandman, who, with his arm round his waist, insisted upon kissing him, so getting to the door, he made his escape, and ran away as hard as ever his petticoats would let him lay legs to the ground. Meanwhile our grey-hearted Squire rolled joyfully about, thrusting his uncouth mask under the bonnet of every pretty girl, and replying in most Cockneyfied Scotch to the numerous inquiries that were hazarded as to his country and kindred — “Oh, he was from Inverness! Would they gan to Inverness? &c. He could eat nothin’ but oat-meal! he could drink nothin’ but whiskey! He was all for the mountain hair!” The fiddlers, as if in compliment to his country, presently struck up a reel, but Mr. Jorrocks did not regard the invitation, until a very gaunt-looking figure, in a very old white mask, with large red spots on the cheek-bones, dressed in a soldier’s coat, with nankeen shorts and gaiters, and a regular bulge of shirt round his waist, appeared with a buxom wench on the floor, and with a youth dressed as a barn-door cock, com-

menced a three reel. The woman was masked, but her figure was tall and plump, and finely formed. She tripped lightly through the figure, and set to the soldier, whose toe and heel work and lanky lugubrious appearance contrasted with the nimble jollity of his partner. Still the soldier seemed to have some notion of the dance, for he snapped his fingers and stamped with his heel, and screamed, *eu heu!* at every period for changing the figure. Chanticleer, however, made very poor work of it, and seeing the Scotchman standing by, he said, "Here, *you* dance it," and giving Mr. Jorrocks a shove forward, left him to fill up his place in the reel.

Our lumpy Squire then commenced frolicking with a very clumsy cow-like sort of action, imitating, however, to the best of his ability, the stamps and yells of the soldier. The fair masker seemed to prefer the fat Scotchman, and turned and set to him much oftener and with more grace than the equity of the dance required. In vain the soldier cut and shuffled, and snapped his fingers, and cried *eu heu!*—Mr. Jorrocks bumped and jumped, and cried *eu heu!* also.

At last the soldier began to get angry—"D—n

it," said he, "if that great muckle Scotch thief is'nt a takin' mar pairtner from me. Sink him, ar'll fell him," continued he, cutting and shuffling, in hopes that he might reclaim her by superior activity.

Still she set to the Scotchman.

"Ye stand up here," said he to a youth dressed as a duck, "and tak mar place whilst ar gan and get a neif full o' nettles, for yon lubber. Sink, *ar'll gar him loup!*" added he, eyeing one of Mr. Jorrocks's awkward bounds.

* * * * *

The dance gained converts, and ere the soldier returned several more reels were formed. Still the Highlander frolicked with the fine-figured masker, and the admiring crowd pressed round to look at them. The duck, too, danced much better than the cock. The soldier having provided himself with a handful of nettles, took a position behind Willy Goodheart and a group of unmasked countrymen, and as Mr. Jorrocks came rolling round, he very quietly drew the nettles across the inside of his knees.

Mr. Jorrocks bounded across the floor.

The soldier then changed his position, and

wiped him across the front of his legs; but an extra bound was all the acknowledgment Mr. Jorrocks made.

“Sink, ar’ll stuff them up bodily,” observed the soldier, shortening the stalk of the nettles, and changing his position again.

Presently Mr. Jorrocks was frolicking before him, and up went the nettles.

“BE’AVE!” roared Mr. Jorrocks, with a tremendous bound; an exclamation that caused the soldier to start, and the fair masker to fly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“ O may the silver lamp from heaven’s high bower
Direct my footsteps in the midnight hour !”—GAY.

THE Marquis of Bray went like a lamp-lighter down the pet farm hill, after escaping from Mr. Heavytail’s harvest home ball, inwardly resolving never to assume female attire, or expose himself to such undignified rudeness again. It was his first appearance in any other character than that of a lord, and as he went he thought there was none so convenient. The night had changed for the worse, and the flitting clouds that had occasionally obscured the young moon’s brightness had become heavy rolling masses. On the Marquis went, stumbling, tripping, and tearing his petticoats, following the first path he struck into, without considering whether it was the one he came by or not.

At length a narrow plank of a foot-bridge across a rushing rivulet startled him into the conviction that he was not returning by the way he came. When a man once loses himself, no matter how well he knows the country, it is wonderful how soon he gets confused. Everything looks different. The Marquis was bewildered. He had lost all idea where he was, if indeed he ever had any, for not being used to take lines of his own, he had most likely relied on Mr. Jor-rocks bringing him safe home again. Still over the plank, and on he went, in the delusive hope of being right, until a dark wood stood full before him. The moon at that moment gleamed bright upon it, and a driving gust whistled through the leaves. The wood was a poser. The Marquis was sure he was wrong. The awkwardness of his situation now flashed upon him. Dressed as a girl, and lost in a strange country. The night was getting darker—the wind whisked his petticoats about, and the scared screech-owl fluttered about, hooping clear shrill full hoops upon the surrounding country,

“————— the weak-eyed bat,
With short shrill shrieks, flitted on leathern wing.”

“I must try to find my way back,” observed the Marquis to himself, “or I shall be getting benighted;” adding, as he turned and tripped over a boundary stone, “Confounded mess this is, to be sure; I wish I hadn’t been so foolish as to accompany Mr. Jorrocks. O dear! I do believe there’s a toad!” added he, jumping off the foot-path, as a sudden gleam of moonshine flashed upon a slimy-looking gentleman, jumping leisurely before him. “*Two! three! four!*” added he, as they successively hopped in view. “Oh dear, the place is alive with them—*horrible* beasts!”

The foot-way now became more indistinct, and on arriving at the next field, from which the corn had been led, the Marquis stood doubting whether to take the track to the right or to the left. Which he had come by he had no idea, nor was that material, as he did not wish to get back to Mr. Heavytail’s, if he could find his way to Hillingdon without. At length he took the track to the left. He had not proceeded many paces before, with a sniff, grunt, and snort, up jumped a sow with a litter of pigs, giving him such a start as to drive the idea of following the path out of

his mind. On he went, lost in meditation and fear, walking, as it were, involuntarily, for he could not but feel that he was just as likely to be going wrong as right, while the fear of meeting any one in his present disguise almost overcame the desire to do so, for the purpose of getting put right.

* * * *

Another loud sniff, grunt, and snort, again disturbed his reflections, causing him to start and think there must be a sow with a litter of pigs at each corner of the field, until getting to the stile by which he had entered, he found he had made a circuit of the enclosure. That was a clencher, and stuffing his hands into his muff, he leant against the rough-railing next the stile, in a state of despondency. He had never known difficulty before. His had been a bed of roses, instead of which he seemed in a fair way of getting into one of nettles. The night was bitter cold—the wind howled, and a drizzling rain began to threaten saturation to his flimsy garments. “Well, it’s no use stopping here,” said he to himself, as he eyed the fleeting clouds driving before the dull moon; “I must walk, if it’s only to keep myself warm.” So saying, muff in hand,

he proceeded at a half-walk, half-run, along the path he had before rejected.

* * * *

“I’ve a great mind to holla,” said he to himself, stopping and resting against a stile, after crossing three or four more fields, at the same time undoing the belt of his gown to get at his diminutive gold watch, which he long held up, in hopes of a moon’s ray enabling him to see what o’clock it was. He could make nothing of it. A gold face was all that was visible; the tiny ticking all he could hear. “O dear, Mr. Jor-rocks is a stupid old man,” said he, returning it to his waistcoat pocket; “I really think my pa was right about his being a vulgar old fellow. Who but a clown could find pleasure in such revelry as that? Well, I wish I was home again—I wouldn’t be caught at another, I know.” So saying, the Marquis again set off at a sort of amble, brushing his silk gown against the protruding thorn-hedge as he went.

A hare’s meanders are not more curious than the Marquis’s wanderings on this unlucky night. The ground he covered and the little progress he made were truly ridiculous. At the end of two

hours he was not more than two miles from where he started, though he was fully of opinion that he had walked ten. The time, too, seemed equally long, and by eleven o'clock he began to expect day-break. Though not boisterous, the wind was noisy, and blowing the contrary way to the pet farm; no sounds of mirth or music reached the low country about which the Marquis wandered; while the festivities, being confined to the back of the house, and the window shutters being closed in front, no indications appeared from that side. Cold and fatigue had so tamed his lordship that he would have made for them if there had, even at the risk of a second hugging from the clown.

If the Marquis lived to a thousand years, he would never forget the horrors of that night. It would have been bad enough to have been lost in his own clothes; but to be lost without daring to holla, because he was dressed as a woman, was something vexatiously ludicrous. What would his ma say, if she could see him? O, Jorrocks! Jorrocks! you had a deal to answer for, old cock.

Still the Marquis moved about till cold and fatigue almost overcame him. The heir of Don-

keyton Castle would have been thankful for the shelter of the meanest cottage on the estate. At last, when almost sinking under his difficulties, a sudden gleam of moonshine disclosed a stack of chimneys, between clumps of tall trees. The Marquis darted towards them. Another gleam showed some common railing round the trees, and just at the same moment a melancholy-looking candle flickered past a lattice window high in the roof. A few seconds, and he was over the rails.

“Holloa!” exclaimed he, as loud as he could shout, immediately below where he saw the light, when out rushed a dog with such force as to throw himself over with the check of his chain, as he darted to within a few feet of where the Marquis stood.

“Get away, *you beast!*” exclaimed he, bounding away with such a spring as made him assume a similar position on the ground.

The rattle of the chain grating at full tension against the wooden dog-box sounded like music to the Marquis, as he gathered himself up from his dirty fall, and prepared for a fresh attempt below the window.

“*Holloa!*” repeated he, amid the whistling of

the wind, the *bow wow wow wowing* of the dog, and the rattling of the chain.

"Who's there?" at length exclaimed a voice from below a white cotton nightcap, out of the little window.

"Me! me!" exclaimed the Marquis, delighted at the sound.

"*Me, me,*" mimicked the voice; "who's me, I wonder?"

A fitful gleam passed over where the Marquis stood, displaying his dress, and the dragged state of his clothes.

"Stand back!" holloaed the voice from above, "or I'll shoot you."

"For God's sake don't!" exclaimed the Marquis, holding up his muff like a shield, amid the increased baying of the dog.

"Then make yourself scarce, and don't be after disturbing a respectable family at this time of night."

"Don't be silly!" exclaimed the Marquis, "I don't want to hurt any body; I want shelter," added he, advancing a few paces.

“*Stand back!*” repeated the voice, “or I’ll shoot!” the speaker at the same time popping a mop-handle out of the window.

“*Hold!*” screamed the Marquis, couching to avoid the discharge, “I’m not a robber.”

“I know what you are well enough,” replied he of the cotton nightcap, “but we don’t want such cattle as you here.”

“What’s the matter? Who’s there? Thieves! murder! fire! help!” exclaimed a voice from below a frilled nightcap, out of a larger window a little lower down.

“It’s nobody that will hurt you,” exclaimed the Marquis, waving his muff in a supplicating way towards the house. “*Only hear me!*”

“But who are you?” inquired the frilled night-capped voice. “What do you mean by disturbing the house at this time of night?”

“I’ve lost my way,” exclaimed the Marquis, “and am perishing with cold. *Do* let me in, and I’ll tell you all about it,” added he, pulling up his wet petticoats.

“*I dare say!*” replied voice number two. “We don’t harbour such people as you here, this is not a lodging house. If you don’t go quietly

away I'll rouse the house; call the coachman, butler, groom, and *all* the footmen; have you taken up, taken before a magistrate."

"Pray don't!" exclaimed the Marquis, "pray don't; I really won't hurt anybody; just let me sit by the kitchen fire till morning; I assure you I'll go quietly away, and be most thankful."

"Who *can* it be?" inquired another female voice, now joining the first one. "She doesn't speak like a common person, somehow. How many are there of you?" asked she, now looking out of the window.

"Only myself!" exclaimed the Marquis, "only myself!" repeated he, with upraised muff.

"She's got an ermine muff and tippet, I see," said the second female voice, drawing back, "and appears well dressed. We can hardly let her stand shivering there."

"If I was sure there was no one else, I'd let her in, but it may be a plan to rob and murder us," observed the other, "we can't be too careful."

"O dear!" exclaimed the Marquis, "don't keep me shivering here; I shall get my death of cold," added he, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

A long consultation ensued in the lower room,

to which the cotton cap of the upper one was summoned. At length slipshod footsteps were heard descending an uncarpeted staircase, and presently the rattling of bolts and loosening of chains denoted the withdrawal of the barricade.

"There's none but herself," exclaimed the cotton-capped hero, after an inspection from the upper window, whereupon the key turned in the lock, and the last bolt flew back. The door then partially opened.

"Come in, young woman!" exclaimed a female voice through the aperture, through which no sooner had the Marquis squeezed, than clap the door went to again, and the lock was quickly turned. A dim, swealing candle, in a block tin candlestick, in the hand of a figure a little further in the passage, threw an indistinct light along it, enabling the Marquis to see two frilled night-capped figures, muffled up in white flannel dressing-gowns, with thick red worsted shawls about their shoulders; and a short figure in dark trousers, with a white cotton night-cap sticking off his head, like a cardinal's hat. They were evidently the people he had held communion sweet with outside. The walls of the cold flagged pas-

sage showed symptoms of decay in the plastering; and the unpainted rails of the staircase at the end had the appearance of belonging either to the front of a very bad house, or the back of a very middling one.

“Come this way,” said the figure who had let him in, retreating till she got the candle from the one near the stair-case, which she flourished up and down, so as to throw as much light as possible on our friend.

He certainly was a most forlorn figure. The smart blue and white feather that Mr. Jorrocks had admired, now drooped like a wet cock’s tail over his ear, his hair hung in wet, dishevelled ringlets about his face, and his blue and white dress was torn and covered with mud stains.

“You’re a pretty creature,” said the figure with the candle, retreating and beckoning the Marquis to follow her into the kitchen.

A poke of the fire threw additional light on the subject—a light that removed all doubt as to what the wearer was.

“And pray young woman,” said she, with up-turned nose, and most contemptuous sneer, “and pray young woman, what do you mean by dis-

turbing respectable people, at this time of night?"

"O, I assure you I'm not to blame," exclaimed the Marquis. "It's not from choice I'm this way!" said he, looking at his dress.

"*I dare say*," sneered the figure with the candle, "*I dare say*," repeated she. "The old story, I suppose. But *I'll* put you to rights in the morning."

"Hear me!" exclaimed the Marquis.

"I won't hear a word you've got to say," interrupted the figure, starting and stamping with her foot. "*I'll* have you taken before a magistrate! I'll have you taken before Mr. Jorrocks."

"O, Mr. Jorrocks is a friend of mine!" exclaimed the Marquis, delighted to hear a name he recognized.

"*The more shame for you!*" screamed the threatener. "*The more shame for you*, you bold—*impudent* huzzy. I'll tell Mistress Jorrocks of you!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Marquis, "nonsense!—I'm not a woman—I'm a man—Lord Bray, in fact."

Scream! screech! scream! went both the dressing-gowned figures, followed by a hurried exclamation,—"*Run, Emma, and change your cap!*"

CHAPTER XXVII.

“ Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer’d the lab’ring swain ;
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer’s ling’ring blooms delay’d.”

“ THERE’S gannin to be a grand beast show hereabouts,” observed Pigg to his master (for the sagacious reader will have conjectured from Mr. Jorrocks’s parting observation, as Pigg left him with the cattle, that the relationship of master and servant was likely to be re-established between them), “there’s gannin to be a grand beast show hereabouts,” observed Pigg, entering his master’s sanctum, with one of the usual autumnal-issuing hand-bills, offering such a premium for the best bull, such a premium for the second best—such a premium for the biggest boar, and such another for the best pig; with the usual inti-

mation at the bottom, that dinner would be on the table at two o'clock precisely, with a band in attendance.

"Is there?" observed Mr. Jorrocks, taking the proffered bill, headed in great letters :—

ST. BOSWELL

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

GRAND CATTLE SHOW

ON THE FAIR DAY.

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, "I s'pose we must be after sendin' the Marquis. Wot do they give for the best ball?" added he, glancing at the prizes. Here it is. 'For the best ball of any age, ten pounds; for the second best, five pounds; for the best yearling ball, six pounds.' I thinks we'll send the Marquis. 'Ow far is it from here do you suppose?" for Mr. Jorrocks had not learnt the country as yet.

"Why, they say it's a gay step frae here," replied Pigg, "may be fourteen or fifteen mile; ye an should set off the day afore, se as to travel the maist o' the distance, and get the boole there in good order."

“Jest so,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, “jest so ; but that’ll ran up expense. If I shouldn’t get a prize, I should be out o’ pocket.”

“Ne doot,” replied Pigg, “ne doot, but he’d stite stay at heam as gan in i’ bad order. Lose his *character*, ye ken.”

“Vell,” said Mr. Jorrocks, “there’s summut in that, to be sure ; nothin’ wentur, nothin’ gain,” thereupon our friend jingled his money in his pocket as if he was counting the premium.

St. Boswell, though little more than a village, was a place of some note, from its cattle shows and fairs. To this it was indebted for its locality, being midway between several larger places, to which it acted as a centre of attraction. Moreover, it was a place of surpassing beauty ; not that we mean to insinuate that its beauty would be any attraction to a cattle-drover, it being merely mentioned here as a lure to the reader to go on. Situate deep in a narrow valley, in a wild moorland region, sheltered with lofty hills, whose grey rock-studded summits were barely sprinkled with the hardy larch or stunted fir, growing ranker and stronger down below until they mingled with beech, oak, elm, and other forest trees in the

bottom. St. Boswell was placed in the prettiest part of the narrowing valley, where the mountain's base was swept by a clear, sparkling stream, hardly to be called a river in summer, but when swelled with the mountain torrents of the thunder-storm or wintry falls, it rushed and foamed in terrible and almost irresistible velocity ; each mountain chasm showed its tributary streamlet, now rippling noiselessly down, or gliding over the well-worn rock, from whence in winter it flowed a noisy, brawling cataract.

Everything about St. Boswell was sunshiny and pretty. The little fields on either side of the river looked fresher and greener than anywhere else. The hedge-row and other trees looked larger, healthier, and fuller of foliage, while the pine tribe clustered on the mountain side with an air of naturalization. Many of the larches were of great size ; some full of cones, and covered with the grey moss of age, while here and there a broken top or shattered branch showed the effects of resistance to the hurricane. The river, too, bore marks of wildness and devastation. The wide bed was scattered with enormous fragments of rock, breaking the stream into minor channels,

while wearing jetties on either side showed the efforts of the landowners to keep the torrent in its course.

Over this river was a sloping bridge of many arches, down which the unsuspecting traveller shot, losing half the beauties of the place. From the high end of the bridge a complete view of the little square forming the town might be obtained. The old grey-roofed houses were irregularly built; but the battlemented edifice, under whose gothic arch the road passed to the north, gave the place the appearance of some little fortified Swiss capital. On the right of the square was a large inn, with a tinge of Gothic architecture in its doorway and mullioned windows; while here and there similar windows might be seen scattered about the square, some brightening with smart shawls or party-coloured ribbons, others exhibiting the more humble stores of flour or groceries. The church was a large, square-towered, stone-roofed building, standing aloof from the square, and forming a beautiful feature as the traveller progressed up the valley; while a neat-looking little parsonage-house was stuck into the hill-side, overlooking the place from its shelving, garden-

laid-out terraces. Luxuriant evergreens were trained against its white walls, while a world of forest trees clustered round, sheltering it alike from summer's heats and winter's storms.

The fair was the great event of the year, and the visitor on that day saw the village attired in its best—the capital of moorland life. At other times it presented a pleasant picture of quietude and primitive simplicity.

James Pigg having thoroughly identified himself with his master's interest, did all he could to set the Marquis off to advantage. He cleaned him, and rubbed him, and fed him with oil-cake, and made his coat shine like a horse's. James soon persuaded himself that he was the finest *boole* that ever was seen, and took it as a personal insult when any one attempted to disparage him. Mr. Jor-rocks encountered Pigg early in the morning on the day previous to the show, in marching order, just as we found him in the lane with the cattle. The eagle feather stood from his Highland bonnet, and the *plaid*, divested of its wardrobe, was thrown over his chest, with the fringed end across his back. He had given the sporting buttons an extra polish, and had made the alterations he

spoke of between the knees and the gaiters. Altogether he was uncommon smart.

“ Vell, James, then you’re off,” said Mr. Jorrocks, as he met him in the passage.

“ Ay, ars gannin,” replied Pigg, taking his oak staff down from the rafters of the kitchen ceiling. “ A *boole* taks a vast o’ travellin’—ye’ll be comin’ yourself ars warnd !”

“ Not till to-morrow, James,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, “ not till to-morrow—but howsomever you see and get *me* the prize—and don’t *you* get *drunk*.”

“ *Ar niver gets drunk !*” replied Pigg, with a growl, bundling past his master.

Off then James set ; and Mr. Jorrocks having seen him and the bull away, returned to his study, where he had a very important scheme in hand—the establishment of a periodical to combine the features of the “ Justice of the Peace,” “ The Farmer’s Magazine,” “ The Sporting Magazine,” and the “ Quarterly Review,” to be called Jorrocks’s Journal of General Genius,” with which he purposed knocking all those periodicals out of the water.

For the present, however, we must request our readers will accompany Pigg.

James did wise in starting early, for an extremely powerful sun dissipated the coolness of the autumnal air; and long before noon it was excessively hot. The flies too teased the Marquis, and rendered him very fractious: indeed, none but an experienced drover, like Pigg, could have got him along. Sometimes his lordship would stand stock still, and bellow till he made the surrounding country echo. At other times, when he came within sight of a stream or river, he would rush at it as hard as ever he could go, pulling Pigg along like a straw; then again he would charge a stiff bullfinch into a field when he saw a cow, riddling Pigg's face, and nearly scratching his eyes out, as, grinning like grim death, he held on by the chain. At length, towards evening Pigg had accomplished his journey, and had the satisfaction of housing the Marquis in good order, whatever he might be himself. This was at a small village a few miles off St. Boswell, a distance that left him little to do next day.

A country fair being a great event in rural regions, the little place was astir at an early hour in the morning. The servant lads and lasses had their work to do, or arrangements to make for

taking each other's places, and the varied countenances plainly showed who were for the fair and who were not. A crowd collected to see Pigg start. "What a fine bull!" exclaimed one. "What a beauty!" exclaimed another. "He'll come from Scotland," observed a third, eyeing Pigg's habiliments. The urchins gave three cheers as he passed before them.

A turnpike-gate stood across the road, about half a mile from the village, and presented the unusual sight of a country toll-keeper ready for his money—not that they are averse to taking it, but they are never on the look out for it. Perhaps this one's activity was caused by its being the fair day. At all events, it is an unusual sight, as unusual as a country servant being ready with his money when he gets to one. There, however, stood Tommy Sacker, with his friend Jacky Green, and as Pigg and the bull approached, Tommy seemed more intent on the animal than the toll.

"Here's a fine day," observed Pigg, as he approached the gate.

"Deed is it, master," replied Tommy, "and you've got a fine bull with you."

"Grand boole," said Pigg, rubbing the animal's

curly pow, " grand boole—get the prize this yeon ar guess."

" Whose is he ? " asked the gate-keeper.

" Dinnit ye ken him ? " asked Pigg, thinking how he could " do " him.

" No, I don't," replied Tommy, examining the bull attentively all round.

" A, come, ye de ? " replied Pigg, inquiringly.

" No," replied the man decidedly, with a shake of the head.

" Why, it's Sir Robert Peel's grand boole," observed Pigg.

" Sir Robert Peel's grand bull ! " exclaimed the man. " Bless us, you don't say so ! Come here, Mary," cried he to his wife, " come here, woman, and see Sir Robert Peel's grand bull.

" Ye dinnut tak pay frae Sir Robert, ar's warn'd," observed Pigg, driving the Marquis through the gate.

Scarcely had the turn of the road, as it wound round the heathery mountain-side, screened Pigg from sight, than up came Goliah, the crack bull of the country; a great red and white animal, that moved like an elephant. He was towed

along as usual by the nose by a countryman, while his master, Farmer Cheesecake, followed on his grey pony behind, giving the bull a crack on the hind quarters every now and then with his stick, to keep him going.

A country turnpike-gate being as unlike a London one as possible, farmer Cheesecake pulled up to have a little talk with Tommy Sacker, as he paid him the toll.

"Well, Tommy," said he, "here's a fine mornin' for the fair."

"Fine mornin', sir," said Tommy, "fine mornin'."

"Many cattle gone through?" asked Cheesecake.

"Only one bull, as yet," replied Tommy, "but he's a fine 'un: I doubt Gohiah won't gain the prize to-day."

"I don't know *that*," replied Cheesecake, with a smile, as much as to say, "what do you know about bulls?"

"Well, but you may depend on't he'll be an awkward customer," replied Tommy Sacker.

"Why, it will be Harry Tugwell's bull — a strawberry roan," observed Cheesecake.

"No, it's not," said the gate-keeper. "So you're wrong for once."

"It's Mr. Chub's, then."

"No, nor Mr. Chub's."

"Whose is it, then?" demanded Cheesecake, at the same time tendering his toll.

"Why, what do you think of Sir Robert Peel's grand bull?" inquired Tommy, with an air of exultation.

"*Sir Robert Peel's grand bull!*" exclaimed Cheesecake at the top of his voice, in horrified amazement. "*Sir Robert Peel's grand bull!* What the deuce business has Sir Robert Peel to send his d—d bulls here? We want none of Sir Robert Peel's bulls. No, nor none of Sir Robert himself," growled he. "Had enough both of him and his bulls, and his tariffs too—ruined the country—done it on purpose that he might come and sweep up what's left. D—n him! *I'll Sir Robert him!*" added Cheesecake, clutching his stick and laying it into his pony, as if he saw Sir Robert in the distance, and was going to ride at him.

Cheesecake was sore perplexed: Goliath had gained three prizes in his own part of the country.

and it had been a matter of argument with his owner whether he should send him to St. Boswell or to a more distant show to take place a few days after. Cheesecake's evil genius had induced him to decide on St. Boswell, and now he found the Queen's Prime Minister's bull was to be there to compete with him. "It was a monstrous shame," he said, as he kicked and jagged his pony along to overtake the bull. "It wasn't fair. No bull could stand against a Prime Minister's bull. The judges would be sure to give the prize to him. It was no use wasting money by going. Only be laughed at. Would go home and try his luck at Moorsley instead." So saying, he overtook the ponderous quadruped, and, much to the astonishment of its leader, directed him to take a cross country road home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“ ——— he rides a race,
’Tis for a thousand pound.”

JUST as Mr. Jorrocks was getting on to Dickey Cobden to follow his bull to St. Boswell, he espied Hercules Strong lugging a couple of urchins along in a way that plainly said there was work for the justice. His worship was sore perplexed, for as it was he was half an hour behind time, having split his stockingnette pantaloons in the rear in drawing on his Hessian boots, and when he had got them replaced by another pair, one of the Hessians flew at the instep, and one of his shirt wrist buttons came off, which he was obliged to get Batsay to replace before he was what he called “comfey rumph.” The arrival of the “wagga-bones,” was a pleasure he could have dispensed

with. However, there they were, and his worship felt bound to hear the case.

The youths had been stealing peas, and Hercules Strong had caught them in the act. They had their pockets full. The case was quite clear, and Benjamin, with more than his usual dexterity, having fished out the law in the Justice's Pocket Manual, Mr. Jorrocks proceeded to read aloud, "Stealin', or destroyin', or damagin' with intent to steal, any plant, root, fruit, or vegetable production"—"such as peas," observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking off the book at the malefactors, "growin' in any garden, orchard, nursery ground, 'ot-'ouse, green'ouse, or consarvatory—Pun: on conviction afore one Justice for first offence, imprisonment with or without 'ard labour in gaol or 'ouse of C."—"which means correction," observed Mr. Jorrocks, again looking off the book at the urchins, "for not exceedin' six calendar months," read he, "or penalty above the value not exceedin' twenty pund."

"Now vot 'ave you young warmints got to say," asked he, "why I shouldn't send you each to the 'ouse of C. for six calender months apiece; to be fed on worms and potato parins, and whip-

ped with stingin'-nettles?" added he, thinking of his own experience that way.

"Pray don't!" exclaimed both the lads.

"Please, sir," observed Hercules Strong, in a whisper, "the peas were growing in a field."

"'Ord rot it, vy didn't you tell me that?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, starting round in a rage. "Here have I been a treatin' the case as one of a garden, and jest as I'm a goin' to pass sentence on the malefactors, you tell me they were growin' in a field! Who the deuce can do justice for you? All the labour to go over again, without knowin' where to look for the law. I'll not bother my 'ead," added he, throwing the book over the back of the judicial chair, "I'll not bother my 'ead with a case so ambiguously mysterious. I'll deal sammuarily with it. Take that bigger bouy to Batsay, said he to Benjamin, "and make my compliments to her, and say, I'll thank her to flog him well. And 'ark ye, young 'un," added he, with a shake of the head at the other, "if you are caught at this ere game again, I'll 'ave you flogged too! *desperate!*" concluded he, with a shake of the head, as he rose from his throne.

* * * *

At length our worthy friend got started, and worked Dickey Cobden along so vigorously, that he nearly pumped the wind out of him before he got five miles. The day too was hot, and both Mr. Jorrocks and the nag were in a running down perspiration at the end of that distance.

“Dash those wagabones,” said Mr. Jorrocks to himself as he pulled up into a walk, and began mopping his head with a great blue and white Bandana. “Didn’t give them *’alf* enough,” said he, thinking he should have flogged them both, for detaining him so long.

“Come hup!” exclaimed he, jerking the cob’s mouth, and kicking its lathered sides. “Will take all the shine off my ’essians, I do believe,” added he, looking inwards at his legs.

On they jogged again, though only in a slovenly way. Dickey raising the dust, and playing the castanets with his feet as he went. “Confounded noisy beast,” said Mr. Jorrocks, trying to get him to alter his pace, so as to avoid the noise; “lumberin’-actioned beggar—goes like a crab—all vays at once and none in particklar.”

On they went, Dickey going very near the ground, and knocking the loose stones about as if he were playing at marbles.

"Do believe the beast will tumble with me," observed Mr. Jorrocks, tightening his hold of its head. "Oh, but you are a *brute!*" added he, grinning with rage and vexation.

* * * * *

"Confound it, I must be near there now," at length exclaimed he, pulling up into a walk, fairly exhausted with working the nag—throwing the reins on his neck, and fumbling out his great watch. "I'm dash'd if it arn't near twelve," added he, eyeing the chronometer. "Show to commence at eleven. Shall be a day after the fair. Come hup, you hugly beast," added he, again seizing the reins in a bunch, and cracking Dickey Cobden across the shoulders with the ends, a compliment that he merely acknowledged by boring and shaking his head.

"'Ord rot you, but I'll get a stick to you," said Mr. Jorrocks, running Dickey alongside a hazel bush in the hedge, from which Mr. Jorrocks helped himself to a stout stick.

"Now, my man," said he, as he broke the

twigs off; "we'll see who's to be master—you or I;" saying which, Mr. Jorrocks turned sideways in his saddle, and gave Dickey a good lamming in the ribs.

Away they went in a canter.

* * * * *

"Ah, I thought as much!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as he felt Dickey easing himself down into a trot again at the end of a hundred yards or so. "I thought as much," repeated he, "short and sweet, like a donkey's canter;" adding, "if I rides a donkey, I rides a donkey; but if I rides an 'oss, I rides an 'oss," whereupon our friend turned sideways again, and proceeded to lam the other side of Dickey's carcass.

Away he went again—left foot leading.

* * * * *

This canter, however, did not last much longer than the first. Dickey kept bobbing up and down, it is true, but the pace was no better than a trot—hardly so good. He construed the first touch of the bridle into an intimation to stop, and obeyed on the instant.

"*Ah, you slug!*" groaned Mr. Jorrocks in disgust, "wouldn't give tappence a dozen for such

brutes as you;" thereupon our friend pocketed his wig, and proceeded to mop himself again after his unwonted exertion.

* * * * *

"Must be near there now, surely," exclaimed he, looking again at his watch, after progressing a mile or two—"It's a weary long way to be sure—wouldn't have gone if I'd thought it had been so far—at all ewents not on 'oss-back—the exertion of quiltin' and workin' this stinkin,' curly-coated beggar is too much this 'ot weather."

Our friend now came within sight of the gate—the turnpike-gate through which Pigg had passed in the morning.

"'Ow far is this to St. Boswell?" inquired he of Tommy Sacker, riding up to the gate, money in hand.

"How far is it to St. Boswell?" repeated Tommy Sacker, very slowly.

"Yes, St. Boswell!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "come, quick man, *you're* not fit to keep a pike."

"Why, it's four miles and better," drawled the man.

"Four miles and better!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, looking angrily around at him, "four

miles, and *wuss*, I should say—*impossible!* *Can't be!* you know nothin about it."

"It's the case, I assure you," drawled Sacker, astonished at our friend's impetuosity.

"Dash my vig, I shall never get there!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, preparing his stick to give Dickey Cobden another quilting.

"Has my ball gone through!" roared he, looking back at the gate-keeper.

"O, I axes your pardon, sir—Sir Robert," replied Mr. Sacker, taking off his hat, and advancing respectfully towards Mr. Jorrocks, "that's to say—I really didn't know you, sir—Yes, Sir Robert, sir, your bull's gone through, sir."

"Sir Robert! I'm not Sir Robert," growled Mr. Jorrocks; "who d'ye take me for?"

"Why, Sir Robert Peel," replied the man, "Sir Robert Peel's bull's gone through."

"Sir Robert Peel's ball," roared Mr. Jorrocks; "wot on airth business has Sir Robert Peel to send his beastly ball down here? *I'll Sir Robert Peel him,*" added he, grinning with rage, as he whacked Dickey Cobden's quarters with his stick.

"*Con-found it, what a shame that is now!*"

muttered Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, "there's Peel, with his I don't know 'ow many thousands a year for doin' *nothin'*, and yet he must come and rob us poor farmers of our prizes. It arn't right—*I'm shot if it is*," so saying, he shortened his reins, and laid the stick smartly into Dickey Cobden's withers.

Dickey shook his head, and poked it down, and winced as if he would kick; but before he had summoned resolution to do so, Mr. Jorrocks brought him such a crack across the hind quarters as set him off in a canter.

Up and down, up and down, up and down, he went tit-tupping along, with great labour and little progress.

"Vish I may find a fool at the fair to stick you into," observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing Dickey's bobbing ears with disgust—adding, "you certain-*lie* are the most worthless beast that ever was lapped in leather. 'Oss, by Jove! I've seen a cow wot would go quicker."

Thus he went working along.

"'Ow far will this be to St. Boswell?" asked our perspiring friend, as he overtook a drab-coated farmer in similar coloured over-alls, riding

a mealy-legged, mealy-muzzled, lumbering bay cart-horse, with a brass-cantrelled, brass-pommel-saddled saddle. "'Ow far will this be to St. Boswell?" continued he, repeating the question that he had hazarded at the traveller's back.

"Why, upon the *wh-o-o-le*," commenced the drab coat, without looking round.

"O, it's you, Mr. Vopstraw?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks.

"Your servant, sir! your servant, sir!" replied Wopstraw, raising his hat respectfully to the squire.

"I didn't know you," said Mr. Jorrocks, pulling up along side of him—"I didn't know you—vot 'ave you got your great hupper binjimin on for?" asked Mr. Jorrocks, lifting one of the enormous laps with his stick.

"To keep the heat out, sir—to keep the heat out," replied Mr. Wopstraw; "upon the *who-o-o-le* it's very warm to-day."

"*Werry*," said Mr. Jorrocks, with an emphasis.

"And 'ow far is it to St. Boswell?" again inquired Mr. Jorrocks, after they had looked each other over.

Wopstraw still kept staring.

“ ’Ow far will this be to St. Boswell?” asked Mr. Jorrocks in a sharper key.

“ Upon the *wh-o-o-le*,” said Johnny Wopstraw, transferring his eyes from Dickey Cobden to the rider, “ I think your nag must be better than he looks, Mr. Jorrocks.”

“ He can’t look wuss nor he is,” grunted our friend; “ howsomever that’s not the question—I wants to know ’ow far it is to St. Boswell.”

“ St. Boswell?” repeated Wopstraw, very deliberately, “ upon the *wh-o-o-le* I should say it’s five miles.”

“ *Five miles!*” screamed Mr. Jorrocks, “ impossible! the pikeman told me it was only four.”

“ Well, I don’t know,” replied Mr. Wopstraw, apparently conning the thing over in his mind; “ I don’t know, but upon the *wh-o-o-le* I should say it was *full* that.”

“ ’Ord rot it, ’ow can that be?” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; “ if it was four miles from the gate, and we’re a mile from it, ’ow can it possibly be five?”

“ Why, upon the *wh-o-o-le*, I never was there before,” replied Wopstraw; “ my brother’s always

gone, and I've met him and the sheep about half a mile from this, just at yon plantation end you see."

"Oh, then, upon the whole, good day!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, seizing Dickey by the head, and working him up again into a canter, muttering execrations as he went, upon cross roads, country stupidity, and want of mile-stones. On they went for half a mile or more, when the sight of white petticoats and smart shawls lining the road as it wound round the hill sides, greeted his eyes. All the country round was pouring in, and every little mountain track was contributing its quota of healthy, blooming lasses, escorted by sunburnt stalwart sweethearts. St. Boswell fair was the great event of their year: a series of them furnished the epochs of their lives.

"And 'ow far will this be to St. Boswell, my pretty gal?" asked Mr. Jorrocks of the first group he overtook, consisting of three couple, all in their Sunday best; the girls in light gowns, with artificial flowers in their caps, and many-coloured ribbons on their bonnets, all laughing and talking of their anticipated enjoyment.

“Four miles, sir!” cried a couple of the ladies;
“rather more than four,” replied the third.

“Nay, not so far!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks;
“it *can’t* be so far,” repeated he softly.

“You’d say it was, though, if you’d to walk it,”
observed the first, with a smile on her pretty
dimpled cheeks.

“Not if I was to walk with you,” replied our
gallant squire; “your laughin’ blue eyes would
shorten the distance.”

A loud guffaw followed this gallant sally.
“Will you give us our fairings?” asked Blue-
eyes.

“If you’ll give me a kiss,” rejoined our squire.

“No,” replied she, looking at her sweetheart,
who didn’t seem to relish the proposal.

“Then I’ll give it you without,” said our
liberal friend, fumbling in his pantaloons pockets
for some money. Presently he made a great
haul—silver, copper, keys, rings, knife, pencil-
case, all in a handful. “See,” said he, picking
a couple of sixpences and a five shilling piece
out of the *mélange*. “See, there’s a shillin’
a piece for you,” giving it all to Blue-eyes to
divide.

“Thank you, sir!” exclaimed she with a curtsy, “thank you, sir!” exclaimed the others. “Good luck to you,” exclaimed the youths, and amid the hearty good wishes of the party, Mr. Jorrocks again set Dickey Cobden a going. Shorter and shorter still grew Dickey’s canters. He seemed to have taken it into his head that his master wanted to speak to every body they overtook, and dropped short at each group he came up to.

“Oh, you’re an ’umbug!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, jerking the curb sharply in his mouth.

Presently they overtook an equestrian — a stiff little man on a very slight bay pony. He had on a very low, dish-crowned hat, with a broadish brim, and a couple of fly-hooks and a twist of line round the band, a red cotton neck-cloth, with an old dirty Witney blanket great coat cut down into a frock, with enormous mother-of-pearl buttons, and a very long dirty Meg-Merrilies tartan waistcoat. His breeches were of broad patent cord; and leggings of a similar material, though of a smaller pattern, met a pair of very stout ankle boots. He had a fair, but desperately freckled face, with curly yellow locks, and a pair

of little, roving, ferretty, grey eyes, that took everything in at a glance. His pony, as we said before, was small and slight, high in bone and low in flesh, while the indented mark above the eye gave evidence of age.

"'Ow far will this be to St. Boswell?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as he tit-tup'd up within a few yards of the man.

"To St. Boswell?" repeated he of the hat, pulling his left hand out of the Witney coat pocket; "three miles, or so."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, pulling up along-side of him to indulge in a little talk with a man who seemed to have some London quickness about him.

Mr. Jorrocks scanned him attentively, and his eye caught the hooks; "fisherman," grunted he to himself.

"You've a niceish nag there," observed the stranger, breaking the silence.

"Yes, he is a *verry* nice nag," replied Mr. Jorrocks, patting Dickey's neck, "rather 'ot jest now," added he, "come a long way; *verry* quick too."

"You'll not be for selling him, perhaps," ob-

served the man, after they had ambled on a few paces in silence.

"Vy, I'm not particklar about sellin' of him," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "that's to say, I'm not anxious; in course," added he, casually, "if I could get my price, I *might* part with him."

"And what are you asking for him?" inquired the man, after a good survey.

"I'll tell you in a word," replied Mr. Jorrocks, briskly, "twenty guineas! not a fardin' less, so it's no use offerin' of it, would't take punds even."

"What age is he?" asked the man.

"He's eight," replied Mr. Jorrocks, with the greatest effrontery.

"He's long in the tooth," observed the man, looking into Dickey's mouth, as he yawned and bored at the bridle.

"You must have length somewhere," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "and I'm blow'd he ain't got it no where else."

"Will you let me lay my leg over him?" at length asked the man.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Jorrocks, "certainly," stopping and preparing to dismount; "you must

mind he's come twenty miles though," observed he, dropping himself quietly on to the ground, "and arn't fit to shew; we can ride on together, you know," added he.

The man leapt off his pony, and turning it round for Mr. Jorrocks to mount on the right side, prepared to get upon Dickey.

"You've a fine roomy saddle," observed the stranger, laying hold of the pommel of one of "Wilkinsen and Kidd's" biggest.

"You can't put a round of beef on a plate," replied Mr. Jorrocks; adding, "vish I could say as much for yours, my frind," as he eyed the little old flat-flapped jockey-looking thing he had got in exchange, and began to fumble at the stirrups. Ere he got them adjusted, the man had stuck his little sharp-rowelled wiry-looking spurs into Dickey Cobden's sides, and got him away in a canter.

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"Vot a rambustical apology for a saddle," grunted Mr. Jorrocks, hoisting himself on to the little pony, with a swag that nearly sent it over; vish I mayn't lame myself trying to ride in it."

With this prudent reflection, our friend thrust

his feet into the rusty old stirrups, and turned the pony round by the thick weather-bleached reins, just in time to see Dickey Cobden's stumpy tail disappear at a bend in the road a long way further on. A high wall hid all from view, except the dish-crowned hat of the rider, which kept bobbing up and down in a way that satisfied Mr. Jorrocks Dickey Cobden was cantering.

"I vish that chap mayn't be priggin' the agitator," observed he, eyeing the hat.

Another moment and he had his heels in his new mount's sides, and was whacking him along with his hazel.

Away he went, as hard as ever he could lay legs to the ground.

Whether the man had over-rated Dickey Cobden, or under-rated his own nag, or may be, under-rated Mr. Jorrocks's equestrian powers, we know not; but, certainly, a looker-on would have thought the stranger had the worst of the game. Mr. Jorrocks sat like a jockey, and hustled the shambling little beggar of a pony along in a way that perfectly astonished him. The dust rose, and the loose stones flew, and the dogs barked, and the country lads and lasses jumped aside,

as our eager-eyed friend pressed onward in the chase.

“It’s a race ! It’s a race !” exclaimed some. “Bay for a shilling !” “Black for a guinea !” “Go along, guts !” “Lawk, what a man for a jockey.”

Whack, whack, whack, Mr. Jorrocks’s stick went into the pony, then elbows and legs went working away, and the unbuttoned Jorrocksian jacket-laps flew about, exposing a figure that fully justified the last ejaculation. “Cuss me if I’ll be done by a fisherman,” said he to himself, hustling along *à la* Chifney.

The road was undulating—not exactly hilly, but up and down, up and down for the first half mile or so, and there was little diminution in the space between the parties at the end of that distance ; but after that, it became more level, and also took a straight line up the valley, instead of winding round the hill sides.

On making the last turn, Mr. Jorrocks espied Dickey in the distance, lobbing along amidst a terrible dust, and the view lent impetus to his energies. He put on all the steam he could raise, declaring as he went that it must be a werry bad nag wot couldn’t beat Dickey Cobden.

Droves of cattle and flocks of sheep, coming from the fair, now occasionally intercepted the view ; but every time our worthy friend got a fresh glimpse, he thought he saw Dickey's "galloping-dreary done" sort of action more and more distinctly.

The white tents, with their many-coloured flags floating in the sunshine on a flat by the moor edge in the distance, roused the last spark of latent fire, and caused him to press forward ere the crowd of the fair baffled the pursuit.

The fugitive saw how things stood, and made play too. With steady legs he kept his spurrowels digging into Dickey's sides, and urged him by every appliance of the bit, and every noise he could make with his mouth, to the utmost. Thus they clattered along, the thief riding in a most comfortable home seat in Mr. Jorrocks's capacious saddle, while our worthy friend was constrained to stand up in his stirrups, every now and then, to ease himself in his little apology for one.

What vows of revenge Mr. Jorrocks made as he went ! He'd skin him alive ! he'd transport him ! he'd sus per col ; tuck him up short ! he'd grind his bones to make him bread.

The foot people mistook his energy for zeal, and shouted and applauded "fatty" as he went. They now understood why the man on the black rode so hard; it was a race, though why he should get the start they could not conjecture; all the way behind people were running and straining their eyes to try and see the result of the race. Betting at this time two to one on the black. Some few backed "fatty" for his pluck, but these bets were chiefly in kisses with their sweethearts, and would not have been quoted in the regular odds at the "corner."

"Whack, whack, whack," went Mr. Jorrocks, his eagerness increasing as he drew sufficiently near to descry the fugitive looking over his shoulder to see where he was.

"*S-t-o-r-p t-h-i-e-f!*" gasped Mr. Jorrocks, grinning and hustling along as he found he was drawing upon the runaway: "*s-t-o-r-p t-h-i-e-f,*" repeated he, hitting and holding for hard life.

Another glance and the thief saw the game was up.

Dropping his hands and his heels at the same time, he coolly settled into a walk, while he listened for Mr. Jorrocks coming up; presently

he heard the clatter of his pony, and Mr. Jorrocks gasping and ejaculating, "You villain ! you waggabone ! you unmitigated thief !"

The pony stopped short so suddenly on overtaking Dickey Cobden as to start Mr. Jorrocks on to its neck ; betting, three and four to one that our friend came off.

"He's off ! no, he's on ! he holds by the mane !"

"Take care, sir ! take care, sir !" exclaimed the man with the greatest effrontery, "you'll be hurting yourself."

"Urtin myself !" roared Mr. Jorrocks, hugging at the neck, "take care I dos'nt 'urt you," added he, balancing himself on the withers. He then got back into the saddle.

"He's a niceish cob this of yours," observed the man very coolly ; "but has'nt quite pace enough for me."

"I thinks not !" screamed Mr. Jorrocks, "I thinks not !" repeated he, dismounting and seizing the man by the collar.

"A fight ! a fight !" exclaimed the astonished fair goers, stopping short.

"A thief ! a thief !" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, pulling him off Dickey Cobden.

“Lauk, it’s Tom the Tinker!” shouted one, “he that stole my brother’s mare.”

“So it is,” roared another, “I didn’t know him in that hat.”

“Duck him!” cried several, pointing to a pea-green-soup-looking pond.

“*Have at him!*” screeched Mr. Jorrocks, as if he was worrying a fox.

Up they took the little vagabond, and, throwing him high in the air, down he splashed over head into the stagnant filth.

“*Now again!*” cried another, seizing him as he crawled out.

“There’s nothin’ like sammary conviction,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, as he disappeared a third time, adding, “*who the deuce would be done by a fisherman!*”

CHAPTER XXIX.

“ These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WE left our respected friend just as he had overtaken the horse stealer, and was witnessing his submersion in the horse-pond. Having mopped and cooled himself after his unwonted exertion, Mr. Jorrocks readjusted his wig, and proceeded to recover Dickey Cobden, who was now grazing quietly by the roadside, having had quite enough galloping.

“ Confound him,” observed Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself, eyeing first his own quadruped and then the other ; “ if it hadn’t been for the saddle, I really believes the bay’s the best of the two.” So saying, he hoisted himself on to Dickey Cobden, and plumped down in the capacious saddle.

He then "moved on," as the old watchmen used to say.

The crowd of foot people going, and cattle coming from the fair, would have prevented any great activity in the way of pace, even had our friend been desirous of using it ; but having ridden such an uncommon race, on such a tremendously sultry day, made Mr. Jorrocks well inclined to take the thing quietly at the end ; accordingly he let Dicky Cobden poke along at his own pace, while his master kept peeping under the girls' bonnets.

Mr. Jorrocks was a long way behind time for the show. The foot people were all for the dance and the gingerbread stalls, having enough of cattle and sheep at home ; but Mr. Jorrocks seeing they were in no hurry, thought there was no occasion for him to be in any either. Dilatoriness is very catching. If you see a man in scarlet going quietly, you are very apt to go quietly too ; whereas, if you see one blazing along as hard as ever he can clatter, you are very apt to clap on too, and perhaps find the wearer is going to breakfast with a friend on his way. The same with a railway, a coach, or anything tied to time.

“Vich vay’s the cattle show?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks of the first countryman he could get to look at him, at the junction of the roads between the village and tent-covered plain.

“Up there,” replied the man, pointing towards the southern hills, “but the show’s over.”

“Humph,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, stopping his cob against the stream of population, thinking what he should do. Presently the boom of a drum and the twang of a trumpet fell upon his ear; and sundry blue and white flags emerged in sun-bright splendour from among the tents. A large double-poled flag, borne by two men, with an inscription in gilt letters on a white ground, came first; followed by the band, consisting of some half dozen performers; and then divers trades’ banners, mingled with an old union jack, and sundry smaller ensignia, preceded a long-drawn line of pedestrians walking two and two; most of them with very blotched and pimply noses, and white checks.

“Vot’s all this about? Vot’s all this about?” inquired Mr. Jorrocks, keeping Dickey Cobden’s head towards the music, in spite of all his efforts to turn tail.

“ You’re just in time, sir, you are just in time ! ” cried a man in advance, who acted as a sort of drum-major, having a broad, blue rat-catcher-looking band over his shoulder, and a constable’s staff in his hand. “ We’re just going to sit down,” added he, waving his hand for Mr. Jor-rocks to turn and head the procession.

Accordingly our worthy friend did, riding in front, the band playing, “ See the conquering hero comes ! ”

Thus they proceeded from the moor edge towards the little town, the rush of spectators increasing as they neared the bridge. The procession made the angle of descent, and the music sounded among the crowds who surrounded the shows and stalls of the itinerant dealers. The hardware auctioneer stopped his eloquence, the teachers of the noble art of self-defence stood in their gloves, the wonderful conjurer ceased his exhortations to the gaping clowns to enter his magnificent pavilion, and the musicians belonging to the respective establishments of the five-legged horse, the fat boy, the learned pig, the white-haired lady, the American savages, &c., ceased

their clamour to witness the grand procession of the day.

"*A God's wuns!* what's happen'd now?" exclaimed a voice, rushing out of a stable, as Mr. Jorrocks rode most consequentially past the bridge end, prior to entering the town.

"A dear! a dear!" exclaimed Pigg, wringing his hands in despair. "Wot's happen'd now? here's wor ard ancient gouk gean and joined the Tea-to-tallers! Why ye ard fondey!" exclaimed Pigg, forcing his way, bare-armed, bare-headed, and coatless, through the crowd, "what's come o'er ye now? Sink if ar wasn't afear'd of boggin mar neif, ard give ye seck a crack in the guts," added he, seizing Dicky Cobden by the head to arrest his master's further progress.

"Vot's 'appen'd now, James Pigg? vot's 'appen'd now?" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, astonished at his bull-keeper's impetuosity.

"**MATTER!**" roared Pigg, "why what are ye disgracin' yoursel' for? Ye join the Tea-to-tallers! Sink, but ar'd niver ha' hired mysel' if ar'd ha' *thout* sich a thing!"

"*Tea-to-tallers!*" screamed Mr. Jorrocks, in

horrified amazement, looking back at the flag with "ST. BOSWELL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY" glittering across the street.

"Ay, *tea-to-tallers!*" repeated Pigg, pulling Dickey Cobden across the road by the head, so as to let the now impeded procession get on, adding, as he led his rescued master along, "Sink, if thou's fit to be trusted frae heam by thysel'!"

* * * * *

"God sink, but thou's perfectly disgracin' thysel," observed Pigg, as he got his master off the cob and hustled him into the stable alongside the bull. "Get in there and hide thysel'," added he, pushing his master into the next stall.

"Vhy, James, they told me it was the dinner band, or I never would have thought of joinin' them," replied Mr. Jorrocks, anxious to explain.

"Dinner band!" exclaimed Pigg; "couldn't thou read 'TEMPERANCE' on the colours? What's the use of all thy grand larnin', ar wonder?"

"Vell, never mind; they havn't cotched me, at all events," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "Tell me, now, all how and about it; wot do they say about my ball; am I to have the prize?"

"Thou get thysel' dusted over," replied Pigg,

giving Mr. Jorrocks's back a crack that sent a volley of dust out of it, "and gan to the dinner, and they'll tell ye all about it; it's ne use axin me, ars not the judge."

No sooner had the band—which was "open to all and influenced by none"—deposited the teetotallers in their Temperance Hall, than off they set again to the moor, to escort the diners to the tent. The same sort of procession, with a change of flags, marked the progress of the farmers: "Speed the Plough" usurped the place of the great temperance banner; while "Live and let live," and similar mottoes, floated on smaller flags. Perched on the hill-side, by a belt of wood, and commanding an uninterrupted view over the village below, was a spacious tent, whose patched and tattered canvas bespoke it better adapted for a sultry sun-bright day, like the present, than an exposure to those ruder elements with which the place was frequently visited. The interior was in keeping with the canvas: rude benches formed of planks nailed upon posts driven into the ground, ranged by the side of long, uneven deal tables, covered with snow-white linen. The cross-table at the head of the

tent was a good deal elevated ; and a venerable, carved, black oak chair stood in the centre, ensconced amid a profusion of dahlias, sunflowers, evergreens, and heather, giving the chairman's seat somewhat the appearance of the tenements that in former days used to be occupied by Jack-in-the-green. The seats on the right and the left were reserved for the big-wigs—Jorrocks, and such like. The tables were also decorated with bouquets, and wreaths and crowns of flowers dangled from the roof. There had been great anxiety all the morning for the arrival of our worthy friend. His acquaintance were desirous of his company, while those who had not seen him were anxious to have a sight of him. His bull, too, had created no small sensation ; and it was strongly suspected by those who had watched the countenances and manœuvres of the judges, as they moved, mysteriously and solemnly, from animal to animal, that Jorrocks's bull stood a very good chance of a prize. The bull-show had been rather deficient, and Jorrocks's, though not a first-rate animal—or most likely the Duke of Donkeyton would not have given him it—cut a very good figure among the inferior animals by

which it was surrounded. Whether the deficiency in the bull department had been caused by Mr. Pigg's repeated assertion, that his was Sir Robert Peel's bull (as in the case of Mr. Cheesecake), is not material to inquire—the fact is as we state it.

Pigg having rubbed his master over, and Mr. Jorrocks having righted his wig, combed his whiskers, and flopped his Hessian boots over with his handkerchief, reached the tent just as the band and its followers, headed by Captain Bluster, rounded the turn of the road above, and Mr. Fortescue, the intended chairman of the day, dismounted from his horse and gave him to his groom. At the same moment a rush of blooming damsels came scuttling up from the town, bearing smoking dishes on their heads or in their hands, with which they hurried into the tent, where they were judiciously interspersed by the landlord of the inn among the cold joints, salads, and sweets, that had for some time been attracting the attention of the flies on the flower-decked tables.

The chairman, a neighbouring squire of large estate, combined the polished manners of the modern school with the sterling characteristics of the old-fashioned English gentleman. He was at

home everywhere, from the palace of the Sovereign to the cottage of the labourer. Liberal, high-minded, and gentlemanly, he was looked up to and respected by all. The fair and cattle-show of St. Boswell mainly owed its existence to him ; and being held in the autumn, when London no longer possesses attractions, he seldom missed the opportunity of meeting his friends and neighbours by presiding.

Having passed up the tent to his seat, the places on his right and left at the cross table were immediately filled by the foremost of the procession, and the last comers crowded the tent up to the very entrance. The band having deposited the party, then sheered off, to divide themselves into parties, to open the dances at the various public-houses.

It being an hour or two after most of the farmers' usual dinner time, and their appetites being whetted by the fine mountain air they had been inhaling as they wandered about among the cattle show, or stood making their bargains, there was little mercy shown the viands when they once sat down ; and grace had hardly escaped the clergyman's lips ere the clatter of knives and

forks commenced. It was a half-crown ordinary, and each person called for and drank what he liked. Londoners who order dinner at two guineas a-head for half-fledged appetites, would wonder how such ravenous maws could be appeased on the best roast and boiled at half-a-crown a-head. There were capons, and ducks, and hams, and tongues, and boiled legs of mutton, and roast legs of mutton, and boiled beef, and roast beef, and trembling jellies, and decorated tarts, with the finest vegetables that had been exhibited for prizes at the flower and vegetable show of the morning. Talk of the cheapness and plenty of a French ordinary ! it's not to be compared to that of an English one—a good English farmer's ordinary.

It used to be an old school recommendation, to “let one's meat stop one's mouth ;” and most assiduously the farmers acted up to the injunction. After they once set-to, there was little heard but clatter, clatter, clatter ; varied by an occasional request for another slice of beef or ham, or another piece of bread. Then the fluids began to be called for ; wine was only seen at the cross table, and a very short way down the centre one ;

most of them indulged in ale or bottled porter. At length the most ravenous appetites were appeased, and eyes gradually began to wander from the plates to the surrounding faces. Friendly nods of recognition took place. "How is't, Jack?" "How is't, Tom?" "Good day, Mr. Brown." "Hope your're well, Mr. Green." "How's the missis?" Then the cross-table was scrutinized. "There's Mr. Lumpington," said one. "Who's that next Mr. Patterson?" inquired another. "Oh, that is Mr. Smith of Grittleton," replied a third. "No, not him; the gentleman on the other side, with the figured-velvet coat on." "Oh! I don't know him; he's a stranger." "Mr. Wopstraw," continued the last spokesman, stretching back towards the next table, "can you tell us who that is on Mr. Grittleton's left?"

"On Mr. Grittleton's left?" repeated Mr. Wopstraw, very deliberately, his eye turning slowly towards the cross-table; "upon the *who-o-ole* I should say it was Mr. Jorrocks."

"O, that's Mr. Jorrocks, is it?" exclaimed the inquirer, recovering his equilibrium to communicate the intelligence at his own table; "it's Mr.

Jorrocks," observed he, "the owner of the White Bull."

"Is that him?" exclaimed half a dozen voices; and in a very short time Mr. Jorrocks had the eyes of the majority of the meeting upon him.

From this he was relieved by grace, followed by the chairman rising to propose the health of the Queen.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I rise to propose to you the health of our gracious Queen (*cheers*); I am satisfied that in this company your loyalty will induce you to drink the toast with every honour (*loud cheers*). But, in addition to your loyalty, you cannot forget that in drinking the health of your sovereign, you are drinking the health of a youthful Queen, who, as a wife and a mother, has in the highest station set the brightest example of domestic virtue. Gentlemen, I give you the Queen, upstanding, and three times three." The toast was received with the loudest cheering.

"The next toast on my list," said he, "is the health of His Royal Highness Prince Albert. In addition to the high station he holds as consort

to the Queen, and the popularity he has gained since his arrival in this country, he has a claim on our affections as the ardent promoter of agriculture" (*cheers*).

The chairman then gave the toast, which was drunk with three times three.

The third toast was, "The health of the Prince of Wales," whose high breeding, the chairman thought, would be allowed by agriculturists to give fair promise of future renown.

"Queen Adelaide, and the rest of the royal family," then, with similar honours. Then came "The army and navy," and "The bishop and clergy of the diocese," for which latter toast the rector of St. Boswell returned thanks.

The Chairman then rose to propose "Success to the St. Boswell Agricultural Association." After congratulating the company on the excellence of the cattle show, the number of competitors for premiums, and the large attendance of yeomanry and farmers, he observed that in days like the present, when they had foreigners to compete with, British farmers must depend chiefly upon the excellence of their breed of cattle, and every exertion ought to be made to

produce the greatest possible quantity of consumable food from the land ; but when he saw the great improvements which had been effected and were in progress, he felt they might exclaim, in the words of a homely saying—"Who's afraid?" (*cheers*). He trusted the St. Boswell Agricultural Association would long flourish and prosper, because he was convinced an increase of agricultural skill and industry was of vital consequence to the country, and identified with the maintenance of its independence and happiness. Meetings like the present, where a number of persons whose interests were identical, were assembled in social intercourse—the enterprising farmer and the honest, industrious labourer—must produce good results (*loud cheers*). He heartily wished well to agriculture ; it was an art in which he took great pleasure—a pursuit dignified in every age by being practised or encouraged by men in the highest rank and of the highest talent. He concluded by giving "Prosperity to the St. Boswell Agricultural Association," and sat down amidst loud cheering.

The Chairman then announced that he should call upon the secretary to read the report of the

committee on the transactions of the past year, and then the awards of the judges for the present one.

On hearing this, Mr. Jorrocks immediately found himself on a seat of thorns, on which the worthy gentleman continued to recline during the infliction of a somewhat lengthy document. It glanced at all the transactions of the year—ploughing, hedging, reaping, cattle-show, sheep-show, horse-show, pig-show—and how the Society, though flourishing, would be better for a little more money; all of which was listened to with that impatient inattention that usually characterizes meetings anxious to get to the point.

At length the Secretary concluded, and after wetting his whistle with a mouthful of hot port, he drew a document from his pocket, and announced that he would now proceed to read the awards of the judges of the present show.

Mr. Jorrocks bit his lips, and squeezed his hands till he sent all the blood to his fingers' ends.

The Secretary, however, with painful prolixity, took another sip of "black strap," and gave two or three hems that did not seem to satisfy him, for

he took out a great blue-silk pocket-handkerchief, and having unfolded it very deliberately, and ascertained the exact centre, blew his nose with a long and melodious blow.

He then began reading. "The following are the awards of the judges," said he, unfolding a long slip of manuscript. "For the best bull of any age, above two years, five entries, Mr. Johnson, ten sovereigns."

Mr. Jorrocks's countenance fell five-and-twenty per cent. "He may have got the second, however," grunted he.

The Secretary again read—"For the best bull under two years of age, seven entered, five sovereigns, Mr. Grumbleton." (Applause followed this announcement).

Mr. Jorrocks tried to look unconcerned, and, in doing so, knocked a glass of port into his lap.

The Secretary then proceeded with his light reading, showering sovereigns upon the owners of cows, and heifers, and calves, and tups, and lambs, and ewes, boars, sows, and cottagers' pigs, each announcement being followed by more or less applause. At length he got through his list.

The Chairman then rose to perform what he

said was to him one of the most gratifying tasks of the day—namely, proposing the healths of “The Successful Candidates.” He had attended many meetings in St. Boswell—almost every meeting that had taken place—and he could safely say that each succeeding one outstripped its predecessor in the number and value of the stock, and he felt confident they would go on improving until their shows would be second to none in the kingdom. He concluded by proposing the healths of “The Successful Candidates.”

After a long pause, caused by the successful candidates waiting for the head prize man, Mr. Johnson, to return thanks for the body, Mr. Grumbleton at length rose, and was followed by the representatives of cows, tups, heifers, calves, lambs, ewes, &c., all standing and looking as solemn as judges. Thank God! farmers are no orators. They are almost the only class exempt from the curse of eloquence. They say what they’ve got to say, and are done with it, instead of yammering and “honourable friend-ing,” “honourable gentleman-ing,” and moving, second-ing, amending, using all the jargon of parliament, in fact. Mr. Grumbleton dribbled out what he

had to say, and all the horned and other cattle were speedily in their seats again.

The Chairman having filled a bumper, held it up before him, and called upon the company to imitate his example; those who drank wine having complied with his request, and those who drank spirit having replenished their glasses, the Chairman again rose to address them—"I call," he said, "for a bumper, for two reasons: first, because the toast I am about to propose is one where a little consolation and encouragement is required; and, secondly, because in that toast is included a gentleman whose name is famous throughout the universe" [That's me," observed Mr. Jorrocks, aloud, to himself], "and who has honoured us with his presence, for the first time, this day." ["I said so," said Mr. Jorrocks, jingling his money in his breeches pocket. All eyes sought out the great unknown.] "Gentlemen," continued the Chairman, "the toast I have to propose to your notice is that of the 'Unsuccessful Candidates.' (*Applause*). I could wish that at the first appearance among us of a gentleman so distinguished in many enterprising undertakings, we could have had the satisfaction

of drinking the health of Mr. Jorrocks as a successful candidate” [“ Indeed, so do I,” observed our friend, aloud, to himself, with a deep sigh and a shake of the head—an observation that elicited a laugh from those who heard it] ; “ but,” continued the Chairman, “ it is not for mortals to command success, though I am sure all of you who witnessed the noble animals our distinguished guest exhibited this day.—[“ I’d only one,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, adding “ and that was one too many”]—“ I should say, gentlemen, those of you who saw the noble animals our distinguished guest and the rest of the unsuccessful competitors exhibited here this day, will readily admit that they deserved success” [“ The judges were all wrong,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, aloud, to himself; “ wouldn’t give tuppence a dozen for such fellows”] ; “ and in drinking their healths, I am sure you will cordially join me in wishing one and all ‘ better luck next time.’ ”

The toast was drunk amidst great applause, Mr. Jorrocks sticking his legs out before him, and looking very like having taken the rest.*

* Turned sulky.

A considerable pause ensued, all eyes being anxiously turned on the "Lion of the day;" Mr. Jorrocks, however, didn't seem at all inclined to acknowledge the compliment, and crossed one leg over the other, as much as to say—"some one else may return thanks." How long this humour might have prevailed is uncertain, had not a familiar voice, exclaiming "*Now then, ard man!*" in a cheering tone, risen above the knockings of knives and forks and the clatter of glasses and spoons.

"That's James Pigg!" observed Mr. Jorrocks, aloud, to himself, with a start that brought him on to his legs to see where his misleader was. "Rot him," added he, "it was him wot did all the mischief." Loud cheering followed this movement, which Mr. Jorrocks acknowledged with his usual affability. Better humour returned with the restoration of silence.

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," at length said he, looking uncommonly wise, and dancing his glass about among the biscuit crumbs before him—"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen," repeated he, "if I was to say that I am gratified at the result of this day's exhibition, I should be tellin

you an uncommon crammer—I shall not do no such thing—I’m not the man to thank you for nothin’. (*Laughter and applause.*) On the contrary, I’ll candidly confess, that I’m quite down in the mouth at the result of this day’s show—I’m mortified to think that my quadruped—my noble quadruped—my beloved quadruped—should not appear in your eyes wot he does in mine.” [“ Weall done, ould un !” exclaimed James Pigg, tapping his oaken staff against the table, adding, with a shake of the head, “ Sink him, he can jaw a bit.”] “ It would, indeed, have been a proud feather in my cap,” continued Mr. Jorrocks, “ if I had carried the prize back to my shop, and been hailed as the victor at this great gatherin’. (*Applause.*) Not as I cares for the money—oh, no ! its the honour I look to.” [“ Sink the honour !” exclaimed Pigg, “ the *brass* is the thing !”] “ It’s the unsullied reputation of that spotless ball—that milk-white beautiful critter.” (Here Mr. Jorrocks’s voice faltered, and he was apparently overcome by his feelings.)

“ Had up, ard ’un ! had up !” exclaimed Pigg, cheeringly, amid the applause and shouts of the company.

“ ‘*Old your noise!*’ ” replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a shake of the head, looking very indignantly towards the spot from whence the voice proceeded; for the dense volleys of smoke that now filled the tent, and a large pot of flowers and evergreens behind which Pigg ducked, screened him from his master’s view. Mr. Jorrocks was quite put out.

“ Well,” said he, after the applause that was raised to give him time to collect himself had subsided; “ well,” said he, “ it’s no use botherin’ about the matter. I’ve not gained the prize, and the loss is yours as well as mine. I had as fine, hoiley an oration as ever was uttered, all ready to let off in case I had won; but I’ll candidly tell you, losin’ was not taken into my kalkilation : if it had, I would not have come here. (*Laughter and applause*). You may laugh,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, “ and I makes no doubt them as laughs *have* won ; but I can tell you it’s no jokin’ matter, comin’ swelterin’ ’ere as I’ve done this ’ot day. But, if there’s any of you, gen’lmen,” looking at the unsuccessful upstanders, “ wot would like to disembugue anything, I’ll not stand atwixt you and the chair.” So saying, our friend soused himself into his seat again.

Mr. Jorrocks having delivered himself of his speech, the curiosity of the meeting seemed a good deal subsided, and the landlord of the inn who supplied the entertainment having made his appearance for orders, there was a considerable tendency exhibited for ardent spirits, and rum, and brandy, and gin, and Hollands were loudly called for from all quarters, the demand being occasionally accompanied by an order for a pipe. Great good-fellowship appeared to prevail, especially at the lower end of the tent, where Pigg's voice was frequently loudly conspicuous. James was entertaining his auditors with wonderful accounts of farming in the north, and particularly the farming of his cousin Deavilboger's land, which, from his account, was a perfect model-farm. His auditors entertained him with spirit in return, and, as each glass went down, James's voice became louder. The chairman having run through the usual routine of toasts, rested a little on his oars, and all tongues were gradually let loose into one general cry. Wheat, and beans, and rum, and cattle, and whiskey, and baccy, and barley, and pigs, and sheep, and turnips, and tares, and long horns, and short horns, and pro-

tection societies, and corn-law leagues : all sorts of farming and agricultural concerns, were severally discussed.

Even those fertile subjects seemed to fail at last, and the noise slackened till it gradually died down, and Pigg's, and half-a-dozen other voices, were the only ones that kept going. Mr. Jor-rocks sat comforting himself with a bottle of uncommon strong port, fresh from the wood. At length the chairman rose to announce that the Rev. Mr. Prosey Slooman would favour the company with the result of his experiments with guano upon turnips.

“*Sink your guarno ! Muck's your man !*” exclaimed Pigg, at the top of his voice—an assertion that caused a roar of laughter throughout the meeting, and somewhat disconcerted Mr. Prosey Slooman, who kept fumbling about in his pockets for his spectacles, while he had them on his nose all the time. At length he ascertained where they were, and having lowered them, he proceeded to unfold a very bulky bale of manuscript, that caused an involuntary shudder among those who were acquainted with his tedious prolixity. Slooman being on the best of terms with himself, coughed and hemmed and stroked his

chin, and looked complacently around, as much as to say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark." He was a little, bristly-headed, badger-pyed, pedantic, radical school-master, who farmed his own glebe, and managed matters somewhat in the style of the celebrated Wackford Squeers, frequently recreating the boys with a little work on the farm. He was a great turnip and root grower, which the illnatured world said were largely consumed in the house, as well as in the fold-yard. Mr. Prosey Slooman had given the boys a whole holiday's work on the farm that day, in order that he might inflict his tediousness on the assembled farmers at St. Boswell. Having somewhat recovered from the unwonted interruption occasioned by Pigg's exclamation, he gradually screwed his coarse features into a self-complacent smile, and proceeded to address the meeting.

"Gentlemen," said he, "after the very flattering appeal that has been made to me by our distinguished chairman—a gentleman not less remarkable for his urbanity than for his scientific acquirements—I cannot hesitate for one moment in complying with his request, backed as it appears to be by the unanimous wish of this enlightened assem-

bly. I cannot, I say, hesitate in laying before you, as shortly and succinctly as the extensiveness of the subject, and the humble talents with which nature has endowed me, will allow, the very important—I might almost say, nationally interesting—experiments I have made upon the valuable, and, to farmers, never-to-be-sufficiently-appreciated agricultural production called turnips, with various kinds of manures and compositions—particularly guano—upon different soils.”

Mr. Slooman paused, in expectation of applause; but a dead silence prevailed, save a slight noise at the low end of the tent, caused by Pigg’s drinking off his neighbour’s brandy—as he said, in mistake for his own—an awkward mistake, as his glass happened to be empty.

“Gentlemen,” continued Mr. Slooman, taking off the top layer of the ponderous pile of papers, and pompously unfolding it, “my first experiment was with an acre of globe turnips with one hundred pounds of guano.”

“Sink your *guarno*! *Muck’s your man*!” again roared Pigg, to the convulsion of the company.

“*Silence !*” exclaimed Slooman, with flashing eye-balls, “or *I’ll* ——.”

He would have said “flog you,” but returning presence of mind saved him.

“*Order ! order !* pray keep order, gentlemen !” interposed the chairman.

“It’s that beggar Pigg,” grunted Mr. Jorrocks, helping himself to a bumper of port ; “doesn’t seem to care a copper for the misery he’s brought upon me.”

“I am obliged to the chair for interposing so promptly on my behalf,” observed Mr. Slooman, bowing very obsequiously ; “interruptions so coarse, so unmanly, so unseemly, only recoil upon the brainless head that makes them.”

“*Ay, ay !*” grunted Pigg ; “ar’ll sarve ye out e-now !” clutching his oaken staff as he spoke.

“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,” resumed Mr. Slooman, returning again to his paper, “I was saying, when that stupid blockhead interrupted me, that my first experiment was with an acre of globe-turnips, with one hundred pounds of guano, upon ten single-horse cart-loads of farm-yard manure, which produced twenty-two tons of turnips when weighed in December ; while upon

a second acre of the same land, with twenty single-horse cart-loads of the same farm-yard manure, without guano, I only got fourteen tons."

"*Muck's your man !* for all that," exclaimed Pigg.

"There again !" started Mr. Slooman, laying down his paper and throwing out both hands, "am I, Mr. Chairman," continued he, addressing the president, "am I to be protected in the gratuitous performance of a public duty, or am I——"

"Who is it makes that noise?" asked the chairman, for he could not see for the smoke.

"Gan on, ard un ! gan on !" exclaimed Pigg, "there's nobody fashin ye !"

"That Pigg's drunk," observed Mr. Jorrocks, aloud, to himself, as he *at* the port again.

Mr. Slooman again essayed to proceed.

"A third acre of Swedish turnips, gentlemen," continued he, "with two hundred pounds of guano, mixed with four bushels of sifted house-ashes, produced fourteen tons ; while an acre adjoining the above, with twenty-five single-horse cart-loads of the farm-yard manure, produced only ten tons sixteen hundred weight."

“*That’s a lee !*” roared Pigg. “MUCK’S YOUR MAN !” repeated he, louder than ever.

Mr. Slooman dropped his hands, and stood transfixed. Laughter, groans, hisses, and all sorts of discordant noises, prevailed, mingled with the chairman’s cries of “*Order, order !*” and a few exclamations of “Turn him out, turn him out !”

“Ay, torn him out !” roared Pigg. “Torn him out !” repeated he, thinking they meant the chairman ; “and ar’ll come and sit up there, and sing ye a sang,” added he.

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“Really, gentlemen, this noise and interruption is very indecorous,” observed the chairman, rising as soon as the uproar began to subside. “If it is not the pleasure of the meeting to hear the reverend gentleman, I am——”

“*Raverend !*” roared Pigg. “Ar’ll give ye a raverend toast : ar’ll give ye, ‘Mair pigs and fewer parsons !’ (*Roars of laughter.*)

“Who is it that makes that disturbance ?” again demanded the chairman.

“‘OLD YOUR NOISE, JAMES PIGG !” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, rising, and speaking as loud as he

could; an order that had the effect of restoring silence on the instant. James couched behind the flower-stand.

Mr. Slooman stood in expectation of some reprimand from the chairman on the offender; but the former seemed satisfied with the restoration of silence, and Mr. Slooman again proceeded, and exhausted half an hour in a disquisition on the miraculous qualities of guano, which, in his opinion, beat everything else out of the field.

Pigg kept up a sort of running commentary on Mr. Slooman's observations, sufficiently low, however, not to reach his master's ears.

The next incident of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Wopstraw, who, at the earnest request of many admiring friends in his neighbourhood, rose to acquaint the company with the result of his experience in the article of guano. Mr. Wopstraw was still attired in the costume of the morning, drab great-coat and drab over-alls, then worn, as he said, to keep the heat out, and now retained, perhaps, to keep the smoke out. Under them appeared a respectable black coat and waistcoat, with drab breeches; and he had a snuff-coloured Bandana round his neck.

Mr. Wopstraw was considered a very safe man—one that never did anything without due consideration, and who weighed the *pros* and *cons* of everything in his mind. His rising caused an outburst of applause.

“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,” said he, plastering his straggling hair flat over his head with his hand. “Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,” repeated he, “I have heard what the Reverend Mr. Slooman has told about the guano, but as I’ve used some myself, upon the *wh-o-o-le* I think I may say he’s not altogether right. He thinks little of fold-yard manure compared to it; but, upon the *wh-o-o-le*, I think guano and fold-yard mixed is the thing.”

“Ay, ay,” said Pigg, “that’s mair like the ticket.”

“I had some turnips,” continued Wopstraw, “sown with guano alone, and some with fold-yard manure, and, upon the *wh-o-o-le*, I should say the guano took the lead at starting, and kept it well to September, when the fold-yard began to tell, and came on when the flush of t’other was over.”

“*Muck’s your man!*” again roared Pigg.

“Therefore, upon the *wh-o-o-le*,” concluded

Wopstraw, "I should say guano was a good thing for setting turnips agoing; but you should have muck, as that gentleman calls it, to come up when the effect of t'other is over." Mr. Wopstraw resumed his seat amid considerable applause.

Mr. Smith now rose to perform a duty in giving a toast that ought to have been given at an earlier period of the evening, namely, that of the health of their worthy chairman, to whom they and the country in general were under so many obligations, not only for the honour he invariably did them of presiding at their annual meetings, but for the very exemplary manner in which he discharged every duty of a country gentleman. [Drunk with three times three, and one cheer more.]

The Chairman returned thanks with his usual felicity. He then called upon Mr. Hogger to detail the result of his experiments with nitrate of soda as a manure, which that gentleman did with great perspicuity on various crops—oats, grass, barley, wheat, &c.

Shortly after he sat down, and some of the company were beginning to look at their watches

to see how much longer they might sit, when the secretary was observed to proceed, with an air of importance and mystery, to the chairman, with a paper in his hand, on which they held a conference for some seconds. The chairman rose to address the meeting.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “at an earlier period of the day I had the honour of proposing two toasts for your acceptance—one, ‘The health of the successful candidates,’ the other, ‘The health of the unsuccessful candidates on the present occasion.’ Since then our able secretary has discovered that we have placed a distinguished stranger in a false position—a position that it affords me, as I feel certain it will you, the liveliest satisfaction to rectify.”

“Vot’s all that about?” said Mr. Jorrocks, pricking his ears.

“You will perhaps remember, gentlemen,” continued the chairman, “that the premium for the best bull was said to be awarded to Mr. Johnson; and perhaps it may have struck you, as it certainly did me, as rather singular that the taker of the first prize, neither in person nor by proxy, returned thanks for the compliment.”

“Werry true,” observed Mr. Jorrocks, who had observed nothing of the sort.

“That circumstance is now explained by the recent discovery,” continued the chairman. “The bull, it appears, was known to the judges as Mr. Jobson’s bull.”

“*Mine*, for a guinea!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks.

“The prize was unanimously awarded to him,” continued the chairman.

“Hurrah!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; “hurrah!”

“What’s thou hurrain’ for?” roared Pigg. “Thy name’s not Jobson.”

“But the secretary, in writing the name down, amid the hurry and pressure of the crowd, it seems, wrote it *Johnson* instead of Jobson. Now, Mr. Jobson, as many of the present meeting are aware, is the farm-steward of his grace the Duke of Donkeyton—the intimate ally of my honourable friend, if he will allow me so to call him, on my left,” observed the chairman, turning to Mr. Jorrocks.

“Certainly!” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “Certainly!” repeated he.

“Among other flattering, honourable, and I am sure I may add well-deserved, marks of distinc-

tion conferred by his grace on my honourable friend, was that of making him a present of this bull."

"Quite true," observed Mr. Jorrocks, "quite true. The duke gave me it: 'ighest compliment he could pay me."

"And therefore, gentlemen," continued the chairman, "not to trouble you with the particulars of a story whose conclusion you have doubtless anticipated, I have to beg that you will join me in rectifying the unintentional error of our secretary, by receiving the name of Mr. Jorrocks as a successful competitor on this occasion, with such bumpers and such acclamations as will testify our sincere delight at his well-merited success, and will soothe, at the same time, the feelings of mortification he must have suffered at the late erroneous announcement." The chairman concluded by drinking Mr. Jorrocks's health in a bumper, with three times three, amidst great applause.

"Your good health, Mr. Jorrocks!" "Your good health, Mr. Jorrocks!" "Your good health, Mr. Jorrocks!" then flew at our worthy friend, like arrows at a target, from all parts of the tent ;

and the chairman having drained off his glass, stood forward to mark the time. Three times three and one hearty cheer more were thundered forth with tremendous effect. Mr. Jorrocks sat nursing a leg, and bowing his head like a Chinese monster on a chimney-piece.

“Now for an *o-ra-tion*!” exclaimed Pigg, as silence gradually prevailed, and our friend let down the leg preparatory to rising.

“Mr. Chairman and gentlemen,” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, rising, and waving his hand for silence, “I should, indeed, be unworthy the name of a true-born Briton if I didn’t confess that this unexpected honour has completely unmanned me (*applause*). Gentlemen, I havn’t the vanity to suppose that the enthusiastic reception you have given the name of John Jorrocks is attributable to any ’umble merits of mine, but simply paid me as the owner of that able and distinguished ball, the Markis o’Bray (*applause*). In the name of that able, that amiable, that magnificent quadruped, I return you the most ’artfelt thanks (*loud applause*); would that he could speak and do it himself! But believe me, gentlemen, the Markis’s master’s ’art is a bustin’

with gratitude for the kindness you have shown the Markis. You have conferred on him the 'ighest honour a 'igh-bréd ball can attain—awarded him the first prize. O! but it was a noble act, and nobly has that ball deserved it! Gentlemen, excuse my sayin' more, my feelin's overpower me. As my friend, Tarquinius Brown, of Friday Street, sublimely sings—

' If ever fondest prayer for other's weal awaited on 'igh,
Mine shall not all be lost in hair, but waft thy name above the
sky.'

So shall my best wishes, and the best wishes of my ball, waft your names into the attics o' the hupper regions o' the sky'' (*great applause*). Mr. Jorrocks resumed his seat, apparently overcome by his feelings, amidst loud cheers. Presently he arose and spoke as follows:—"Mr. Chairman, with your permission I'll give a toast—a toast that will find its way 'ome to the 'arts of you all, without any soft sauder from me. It is the 'ealth of one most jestly dear to me—dear in every pint of view, but bound in stronger union by the result of this day's show. O! it's a proud thing to

carry off the prize in the manner my ball has done, beatin' every ball in the country, from the prime minister's down'ards."

"Ay, ay," grunted Pigg, adding, to himself, "thou'd best say nout about *that*."

"But O ! gentlemen ! gentlemen ! you've got no liquor !" continued Mr. Jorrocks, looking about him and holding up his own empty bottle. "Here, waiter !" roared he ; "you man in the shirt-sleeves !" added he, hollaing to the landlord, who, coatless, had come in with a basket to gather the empty bottles ; "fatch in a dozen of your strongest military port, and let me have the 'ealth of my ball drank as it ought to be."

"Ay !" roared Pigg ; "and fetch me a bottle o' *roum* !" adding, "Wine's o'er strang for mar stommack."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed the landlord, hurrying off to execute the order, or as much of it as the state of his cellar would allow.

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Presently the drawing of corks was heard, and the bottles began to be scattered down the table ; Pigg's rum, too, made its appearance ; and master

and man seeing to the charging of their friends, the bull's health was drunk amidst tremendous applause.

Mr. Jorrocks then tried to let off the speech he spoke of as having prepared, but the day was too far gone, and it hung fire ; so after a few unsuccessful efforts, he resumed his seat amidst loud cheers. The chairman having proposed " The health of the gentlemen who had so ably performed the difficult and delicate duty of awarding the premiums," as also " The health of the secretary and committee of management," shortly after withdrew ; and, on the motion of Mr. Nobody, Mr. Jorrocks took the chair—Pigg placing himself as vice.

" The health of the bull" was then drunk again, Mr. Jorrocks ordering the necessary supplies, and returning thanks as before. Many other toasts followed.

Captain Bluster at last rose to propose Mr. Jorrocks's health in another capacity, namely, that of a magistrate. The Captain's articulation was now rather thick, and he spoke as if his tongue were a size too large for his mouth ; his eyes, too, looked glassy and queer.

Mr. Jorrocks again rose to return thanks, labouring as he was under the influence of his old friend the hiccup.

“ Captain (hiccup) Bluster, and (hiccup) gen’l’men,” said he, rising, and lurching considerably as he attempted to take hold of his glass, “ this is the proudest (hiccup) moment of my (hiccup) life (*cheers*). I feel considerably obligated to my friend the (hiccup) captain for the considerable (hiccup) compliments he has (hiccup) paid me as a beak. I believe I may say that there is not a more (hiccup) independent one on the (hiccup) bench. Some, p’r’aps, may know a little more (hiccup) law, more (hiccup) Coke upon (hiccup) Littleton (hiccup), pig upon (hiccup) bacon, or whatever you call the (hiccup) thing ; but for real substantial (hiccup) jastice such as our (hiccup) forefathers used to (hiccup) out, there is none like John (hiccup) Jorrocks. Before I (hiccup) down,” continued he, looking very wise, “ let me propose a (hiccup) toast, the health of a (hiccup) gen’l’men second only to (hiccup) Wellington in arms, and (hiccup) Lyndhurst in law—my (hiccup) friend Captain (hiccup) Bluster ; I dare say (hiccup) Waterloo was as much gained by him (hiccup) as

by any (hiccup) else. ‘Captain Bluster’s good (hiccup) health,’” concluded Mr. Jorrocks, draining his glass preparatory to resuming what he thought was his seat, but in reality a vacuum, which had the effect of sending him neck and crop through the back of the tent, just as a clown disappears in a pantomime.

“*God sink!* t’ard man’ll be lamin’ hissel!” exclaimed Pigg, jumping up as he saw his master’s heels disappear above the level of the table.

CHAPTER XXX.

“ O, cruel was the justice that took my love from me.”

WE have to apologize to our, or Mr. Jorrocks's noble friend, the Marquis of Bray, for the very unceremonious way we have left him during the last three chapters, dripping in his woman's attire over Mrs. Flather's fire, after the fair Emma disappeared on the announcement of who he was. It is difficult, in novel writing, to drive the two parts of the story (into which all orthodox three volume ones should be divided) like phæton horses, and prevent one part outstepping the other, and at this point our farmer friend has shot considerably ahead of the ladies. We have got them no further than where the Marquis of Bray becomes the unconscious guest of the equally unconscious Mrs. Flather, after his mid-

night ramble on escaping from Mr. Heavytail's harvest-home ball, whither he had been seduced by the cockney highlander, Mr. Jorrocks.

Before Mrs. Flather and the Marquis had got the matter explained, and his lordship removed from the kitchen into the parlour, and the fire resuscitated, the fair Emma returned, very unlike the Emma that had run away. In lieu of the common drawn and frilled nightcap she had on when she left, she appeared in a fine embroidered muslin one, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and tied with a blue ribbon; while her swelling bust and rounded figure were well set off by a blue and white foulard wrapping gown, trimmed and tied down the front with blue ribbons, and a cape trimmed with plaiting of the same coloured ribbon, open cotton stockings, and blue velvet slippers, trimmed with swan's-down.

The Marquis was then invested in the flannel dressing-gown Emma had discarded, in lieu of his drenched and tattered silk, as also a pair of Emma's white worsted stockings, and her second-best slippers; and having got himself tolerably comfortable, Emma and he seated themselves before the now brightly burning fire, while Mrs.

Flather fussed for the keys of the cellaret, and drew on a pair of stockings and other little articles of female attire, now rendered more necessary in consequence of the midnight visitor having changed her sex. The fire burnt cheerfully, the room was warm and comfortable, and as the Marquis rolled about in his easy chair by the side of the smiling, pretty Emma, he forgot all the troubles he had passed—all the toads, all the sows, all the clowns, all the dogs, all the guns. Emma and he laughed, and smiled, and looked sweet at each other, until Mrs. Flather's propriety could no longer delay appearing with the sherry and water, but she soon took her departure for the purpose of seeing about the Marquis's bed. Emma did her best; she had tact of a certain order, which, if it did not amount to cleverness, was quite enough for an occasion like the present. There is no time, perhaps, when the soft blandishments of the fair sex are more telling than after an exposure to the rude elements out of doors. Cold and passionless as Emma was, she had the art of pleasing, and the animation the incident inspired threw a natural air into her generally studied conduct; indeed, here there was

no occasion for study or calculation. The question was not like one between James Blake and any other of her humbler suitors, where the present state and prospects of each required mature deliberation—there was no need of weighing or considering; the point was to secure the Marquis, and that too as quickly as possible. She did her utmost; whatever subject he touched upon she declared her devoted attachment to; music, painting, poetry, scenery, dancing, all were enthusiastically expatiated upon by her as he severally led them on the *tapis*, with occasionally little exclamations at the extraordinary similarity of their ideas. Mrs. Flather, too, was struck at the coincidence; and declared, with more zeal than prudence, that they “really appeared to be made for each other.” The Marquis, however, was not one either to take fright or a hint, and they would have had to press him much closer before he would have understood them, at least in the light they intended.

Thus they chatted on; the Marquis sipping hot sherry and water, inwardly wishing Mrs. Flather anywhere but where she was; Emma, too, would gladly have dispensed with her common-minded

mamma, but, like all half-witted people, Mrs. Flather thought there was no management or ingenuity equal to her own.

At length, the relentless clock struck one, and Mrs. Flather insisted upon the reluctant Emma going to bed, whither she retired with sad misgivings as to what might be the result of her indiscreet parent's *tête-à-tête* with the Marquis, which certain significant looks too plainly intimated she meant to have. Mrs. Flather was far too eager, plain spoken, and matter of fact, for her delicate daughter's refinement, though their objects were always the same, viz., to get a good match if they could.

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"Well," observed Mrs. Flather, with one of her half-cunning simpers, when she heard Emma's slowly retiring footsteps die out on the landing, after receiving a parting squeeze of the hand from the Marquis as he bid her good night, "Well, Emma and you seem to get on uncommonly well to-night," said she.

"Very well," replied the Marquis, running his fingers through his dishevelled curls—"She's a very fine girl."

“She *will* be,” observed Mrs. Flather—“wants taking out a little ; she’s very shy.”

The Marquis thought “middling,” but that he kept to himself.

“To be sure she seems less shy with you,” simpered Mrs. Flather ; “indeed, I never saw any young man she seemed more—more—more at home with than she does with you.”

Mrs. Flather rather bungled that sentence ; she forgot she was not talking to one of Emma’s common-place sweethearts, and she felt the words “young man” were not exactly those she ought to have made use of.

The Marquis smiled and bowed—a very convenient course when people don’t know exactly what to say.

“She’s very amiable,” observed Mrs. Flather, rather posed for want of an answer to the last observation.

“I’m sure she is,” replied the Marquis. “She looks it all.”

“She’ll be a great loss to me,” sighed Mrs. Flather, anxious to sustain the loss.

The Marquis hemmed assent.

“However, I must put up with it as best I

can," added she, still simpering and driving to her point."

"You could not expect to keep so pretty a girl long," replied the Marquis with a yawn, for he had had about enough of the old girl, and wanted to be off to bed.

"O, your lordship flatters," simpered Mrs. Flather. "However, I must only think of her happiness. Of that I am sure there can be no doubt," added she, casting a most motherly eye on the Marquis.

"I hope not, I'm sure," said he, finishing his sherry and water, and looking at his diminutive watch. "Bless me! but I'm keeping you up a most unconscionable time," exclaimed he, as he saw it was a quarter-past one; adding, "I had no idea it was so late."

Mrs. Flather in vain pressed the sherry and water upon him, in hopes of getting him to the point in the course of another glass; but the Marquis was on his legs and resolute, and she at length most reluctantly rang for candles, and showed him to his room.

She then repaired to Emma, who was sitting in an agony of suspense, figuring to herself all sorts

of *gaucheries* being committed by her zealous but indiscreet parent.

Meanwhile the Marquis curled himself up in his bed, congratulating himself that he had not had to pass the night under a hedge.

Mother and daughter then talked the matter anxiously over, each being most desirous of taking the management alone; Emma thinking she could do much better than Mrs. Flather, who insisted that no person could manage these matters so well as herself.

The result of these deliberations will presently appear.

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A nice neat breakfast welcomed the Marquis in the morning, to which he sat down with the increased comfort of being in his own clothes. His valet had been sent for from Mr. Jorrocks, and arrived with the magnificent dressing-case, and all the paraphernalia of dandyism—brushes by the dozen, combs by the score, powders, perfumes, washes, oils, essences, and extracts; while the staple of his costume—coats, waistcoats, trowsers, &c.—were supplied in equal profusion.

He came down uncommonly smart; his well

waxed ringlets dangled over each ear from the division of his hair up the centre of his head ; an immense pearl pin fastened the folding ends of a lilac satin scarf with white flowers, filling the full rolling collar of his waistcoat, and almost concealing the elaborate workmanship of his shirt front ; he wore a bright mulberry-coloured frock-coat, with almost white kerseymere trowsers, and very thin patent leather boots.

Emma's toilet was of the happiest order—neat, simple, and well put on. Her glossy hair, worn in the Madonna style, was confined by a sweet little cap—scarcely coming over the parting place of the hair—and ornamented with sprigs of forget-me-not, imparting a little of their blueness to the paler colour of her eyes ; while her alabaster complexion gained a slight tinge from the pink ribbons with which the cap was made up. Her healthy cherry lips and pearly teeth accorded with the general freshness of her morning air. Late hours had made no inroads on Emma ; on the contrary, there was the full glow of country health, without its coarseness. But we have forgot the lady's dress. It was a checked white muslin, well washed, well starched, and well set

out, fastened down the front with pink ribbons. Her petticoats were of a rational length, instead of trailing an inch or two on the ground, and showed the symmetry of her well-turned feet and ankles.

Mrs. Flather was too good a manager to lose the advantage of a *tête-à-tête* between Emma and the Marquis; indeed, the whole arrangement had been made during the night; accordingly, when Mrs. Flather heard his bed-room door close as he vacated his dormitory, she quietly slipped out of the parlour, and went to superintend the toasting and buttering in the kitchen. The Marquis, like all youths of his age, was delighted at finding the fair Emma alone, looking so fresh and blooming, exhibiting such a contrast to the pale and haggard features of a hackneyed London belle at breakfast time. Moreover, the absence of competition and rivalry was greatly in Emma's favour, hiding or softening any little coarseness of figure, and bringing the more captivating points prominently forward. She was a fine-looking girl at all times, but only a beauty when alone. One often sees these sort of girls in the country; girls that rustics rave about, and whom some practised eyes

really think something of, but who sink into utter and irretrievable insignificance the moment they enter the competition of a London room.

“Good morning, my dear Miss Flather,” said the Marquis, advancing gaily towards Emma, who had just begun fussing among her myrtles and geraniums before the window, in order to be found busy among her flowers as the Marquis entered. “Good morning,” repeated he, extending his hand, and squeezing Emma’s with a considerable degree of *empressement*. Emma smiled bewitchingly, as she accepted the proffered hand, displaying her beautiful pearly teeth, and establishing a couple of little dimples on her cheeks.

“And how do you find yourself this morning after your night’s adventures?” inquired Emma, throwing all the enthusiasm she could muster into her eyes.

“Oh dear!” exclaimed the Marquis, shuddering, “don’t mention it; I wouldn’t have last night’s performance repeated for the world. Fancy wandering about the country all night, getting shot at for a robber, or worried by sheep-dogs. I *do* wonder what pleasure that extraordinary old man sees in these sort of *devilries*.”

"He is a curiosity," laughed Emma, anxious to have a cut at old Jorrocks, but afraid to lead the charge.

"He's a good old fellow, too," rejoined the Marquis, "but, really, to see a man at his time of life playing such pranks is rather extraordinary. However, he will not get *me* to accompany him again."

"I should think not," observed Emma, smiling sweetly.

"And yet," continued the Marquis, "I ought not to find fault with the old fool, since it procures me the pleasure of your society."

"Oh!" replied Emma, "that is a pleasure, perhaps, you would as soon have dispensed with."

"Indeed, no!" exclaimed the Marquis, seizing her receding hand. "I assure you the charm of this interview outweighs all the over-night *désagrémens*."

"You flatter me," faltered Emma, with a sigh.

"*Don't say that,*" rejoined the Marquis, still keeping and pressing the slightly withdrawing hand.

His lordship then kissed it, and Emma flattered herself she was a marchioness.

"You must cause sad devastation among the country swells in these parts," observed the Marquis, eyeing Emma's fair alabaster complexion, now tinged with the slightest possible pink.

"Me!" exclaimed Emma. "Oh no. Indeed, I know nothing of anybody about here."

"You know the Jorrockses, at all events," observed the Marquis.

"Oh, I thought you meant *young* men," replied Emma; "of course I know the Jorrockses," added she.

"You don't mean to say you've no admirers?" observed the Marquis, eyeing Emma with an air of incredulity.

"Why as to admirers," replied Emma, with a toss of her head, "I don't mean to say that there are not those who are kind enough to think flatteringly of me; but I'm quite sure all the admiration is on their side."

"But all young ladies should have a lover or two," observed the Marquis.

"I'm afraid my ideas differ from your lordship's there," said Emma, slightly bridleing up; "I look upon matrimony as anything but a jesting matter."

“True,” replied the Marquis—“true; but matrimony and a little simple flirtation, you know, are different things.”

“I don’t approve of flirting,” replied Emma, looking grave.

“But you don’t object to admiration,” rejoined the Marquis, eyeing her now slightly animated eyes.

“If it’s accompanied with respect,” observed the fair Emma.

“Well, but admiration always precedes love; and you have no objection to the latter, I suppose?”

“If the admiration was *mutual*,” replied Emma, casting one of her sweetest looks upon the Marquis; “but, for my own part, I don’t profess to be able to fall in love with anybody.”

“I should think not,” said the Marquis, feeling the compliment.

“My idea is that a person is never *really* in love but once,” observed Emma; “and so they should be very careful not to misplace their affections”—a favourite assertion with ladies angling for offers.

“And has your *once* not come yet?” asked the Marquis.

Emma blushed slightly, and hung her head—whether conscience-stricken, or in hopes, we cannot say.

“He’ll be a happy man who gains that victory,” said the Marquis, taking her hand and squeezing it as before—a proceeding that, we are shocked to say, Emma slightly returned.

The Marquis then put his arm round her waist, and gave her a kiss—such a kiss as sounded along the passage, and startled the boy in buttons, who was coming along with the breakfast-tray.

“There’ll be white ribbons for me,” said he to himself, tripping against the low step leading into the room, and landing head-foremost among the contents of the tray, with his cheek in a preserve-plate. Great was the crash!

It brought Mrs. Flather in an instant from her neighbouring ambush, where she had been forming all sorts of anticipations as to what might be going on in the parlour. The downfall of the best crockery, however, is more than female nerves can withstand, and she was on the spot almost before the boy had gathered himself up. Lucky for him that the Marquis was there, otherwise she would have visited the unpreserved side of his face with

a hearty slap. As it was, she said, with an ominous shake of her head, “ You *stoopid* boy ! ”— and then proceeded to greet her intended son-in-law with as little unconcern as she could muster under the circumstances. Fortunately for all parties there was not much damage done. Two swans had been ejected from the butter-boat without injury to the vessel itself, the cream ewer had been upset over a currant-cake, while some bread and butter had coalesced with a saucer of marmalade. The eggs and dry toast had escaped.

The mischief was soon repaired, and mother, daughter, and Marquis, were presently at their morning meal. Tea and coffee, butter and eggs, then occupied their attention for some time. During the repast, however, Emma managed to convey, by signs, to her mother that the Marquis had still not come to book ; and, by previous arrangement, Emma retired a little while after breakfast, leaving his lordship in the skilful hands of her mother. The old lady presently began screwing herself up for action ; and again commenced with the old question—How he got on with Emma ?

“ Oh, very well,” replied the Marquis. “ She’s a very fine girl,” added he.

“ She’ll improve,” again observed Mrs. Flather. “ She wants taking out a little—lost here—no suitable companions for her.”

“ A London milliner would brush her up,” rejoined the Marquis.

“ Oh dear, yes,” replied Mrs. Flather ; “ make her quite a different person.”

“ No doubt,” said the Marquis.

* * * * *

“ And what does the Duke think of her ? ” asked Mrs. Flather, after a pause, during which she determined to go to her point.

“ Oh, my pa thinks very highly of her, I assure you,” replied the Marquis.

“ And the Duchess—what does she say ? ”

“ Oh, my ma likes her, too, uncommonly. It was only the other day she was talking about asking you both to come and stay with us.”

“ How very kind ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Flather, in ecstasies.

“ You’ll come, I hope,” observed the Marquis.

“ Indeed, we shall be too happy,” replied Mrs. Flather, scarcely able to contain herself.

* * * * *

“ You have not *spoken* to Emma yet, I suppose ? ” observed Mrs. Flather, very significantly.

“ Not yet,” replied the Marquis ; “ I thought I’d better hear what you had to say first.”

“ Oh, I’m sure you need anticipate no objection on my part : on the contrary, every——*Oh, dear !* here’s that horrid old man ! ” exclaimed Mrs. Flather, breaking off as she heard a carriage-wheel grinding up to the door, and saw Dickey Cobden’s nose poking past the window. What an interruption !

It was too late to say “ Not at home : ” indeed, Mrs. Flather did not know how the Marquis might like to have his old friend denied. She was, therefore, again doomed to sit on thorns, while the following dialogue sounded through the thin partition wall of the passage into the room ; the Marquis sitting listening and laughing as it proceeded.

“ Now, young man,” said Mr. Jorrocks to the boy in buttons, as the latter replied to the lusty pull our squire gave the bell. “ Now, young man,” repeated he, “ take off your glove and take this ’ere book in your right ’and.”

"The glove is off," replied the boy, sulkily.

"Then you've got a werry dirty paw," observed Mr. Jorrocks. "Howsomever, take this 'ere book in it, and listen to wot I've got to say to you."

"Yes, sir," grunted the boy.

"You swear that you will true answer make to all sich questions as I shall ax on you: you shall speak the truth, the 'ole truth, and nothin' but the truth, so 'elp you God! Kiss the book."

The boy kissed it.

"Now, young man," continued he, taking back the book, "you're on your oath, and mind you speak the truth, otherwise I'll—I'll—make a present on you to General Tom Thumb: is your missis at 'ome?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"And is the Markis 'ere?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Then you go in and say Mr. Jorrocks is 'ere—Mr. Jastice Jorrocks, in fact—and then you come back and 'old my quadruped."

* * * * *

Presently the boy returned with Mrs. Flather's "compliments," and she begged Mr. Jorrocks

would walk in ; whereupon our friend alighted , from his fire-engine, and left it in charge of the boy. Mr. Jorrocks then rolled in, in his usual free-and-easy way, upsetting all Mrs. Flather's and Emma's arrangements, and finally carried off the Marquis before their eyes.

CHAPTER XXXI.

“ Old age laments his vigour spent.”

SOMERVILLE.

“ YE dinna want ne hunds, ars warned ?” said Pigg, popping his head into his master’s sanctum, where the worthy Justice was busy hammering away at his journal of general genius.

“ No vot, James ?” asked Mr. Jorrocks, scarcely looking up.

“ Ye dinna want ne hunds, ars warned ?” repeated Pigg ; “ harriers, that’s te say.”

“ ’Arriers ! not I,” replied Mr. Jorrocks. “ Vy do you ax ?”

“ Why, here’s a man o’ mar acquaintance has gotten five couple of uncommon nice uns at the door—beagles, that’s to say, and he nabbut wants five pund for them.”

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Jorrocks; "vot should I want with beagles?"

"A! hunt hares with them, to be sure—grand diversion; ye like hare-soup, ars warned."

"Vy, 'are-soup's werry pleasant," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "But I can buy an 'are for half-a-crown, what will make as much soup as will serve me and Mrs. J. five days."

"Aye, but ye dinna get the exercise, the divar-sion, ye ken. Sink, ye'll be gettin' o'er fat."

"'Ang the exercise; I'm an exercisin' of my intellect—my mental faculties," replied Mr. Jorrocks. "See," said he, holding up a pile of manuscript; "see wot a heap o' matter I've got for my Journal o' General Genius."

"Hoot ye, and yer larnin'!" exclaimed Pigg; "ye'll never de ne good that way, it's nabbut wastin' paper."

"*Is it though?*" replied Mr. Jorrocks, with a look as much as to say "you know nothing about it." "This is to teach farmers 'ow to farm, beaks 'ow to do jastice, fox-'unters 'ow to feed and ride their osses—'old the mirror up to natur, as it were, show wirtue its own featur, wice its own form, and—all that sort o' thing," concluded our

worthy friend, not being able to finish the quotation.

“Why, why,” said Pigg, impatiently, “ar’ll tell mar frind he needn’t stop wi’ his dogs. Ar see thou’ll just stuff and eat and write on till thou dees of apperplexy.”

“I hopes not,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, starting up in alarm.

“But thou will,” replied Pigg, “if thou doesn’t take mair exercise.”

“Exercise!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; “arn’t I always on the move, either ridin’ Dickey Cobden, or drivin’ him, or quiltin’ him, of which he takes an uncommon quantity?”

“Ay, but that’s ne exercise for a man that eats and drinks as ye de: ham collops and eggs for breakfast, roast beef and plum-pudding for dinner, with a quart of wine after it, and a hot supper again at bed time. Sink, ye should shake yourself up with a hont; thou’ll dee to a certainty if thou doesn’t.”

“Don’t talk that way, James Pigg; don’t talk that way,” interrupted Mr. Jorrocks, looking down at his plummy legs, the calves of which appeared rather too large for his Hessian boots.

"I'm no fatter nor I was," added he, nipping his waist with both hands.

"Deed but thou is ; thou'll be seventeen stone, if thou's a pund."

"Nonsense, Pigg, nonsense !" replied Mr. Jorrocks, snappishly. "Well, tell your friend I'm busy just now, and take him into the kitchen, and give him a run at the wittles—summut to eat and drink, you know ; and by the time he's done, I'll have got through my papers, and shall be able to speak to him," continued our friend, turning his papers, so as to give Pigg a hint to retire.

* * * * *

"Cuss ! that Pigg's imperence," observed Mr. Jorrocks to himself, rising and stalking up and down the little room a few times. "Fat, indeed !" continued he ; "apoplexy, indeed ! I likes that." Saying which, our friend brought up before the little looking-glass against the wall, and proceeded to examine his features. "Nonsense !" exclaimed he, after a short survey ; "doesn't look a bit older nor I did twenty years ago, may be a leetle stouter," added he ; tapping his stomach, "but, as to seventeen stone, that's quite out o' the question."

Pigg, however, had frightened Mr. Jorrocks. Our fat friend had felt himself not quite the man he was, and he feared, from Pigg's telling him of it, it must be more apparent than he imagined. Mr. Jorrocks was still rather conceited about his looks. Our friend threw himself into his arm-chair, and thought the matter over.

* * * * *

"Strong exercise is a great promoter o' health," observed he to himself at length, rising and ringing the bell. "Some how, I felt a deal better after the race with the 'oss-stealer—at least, I should if it hadn't been the wrench I got in my back from the un'andsome trick they played me in pullin' of my seat out from an under me. Tell Pigg I want him," said he to Benjamin, who now answered the summons.

* * * * *

"I think you said somethin' about there bein' a man here with some 'ounds," observed Mr. Jorrocks, as Pigg made his appearance.

"*Think!*" exclaimed Pigg, "why didn't ar tell ye as plain as ar could speak that there was an acquaintance o' mine here with some?"

"Possibly you might," replied Mr. Jorrocks;

"possibly you might. I was werry busy at the time, arrangin' the Journal o' General Genius. Are they fox'ounds?" inquired he.

"Foxh'unds! No; harriers—beagles, that's to say."

"Beagles!" repeated Mr. Jorrocks: "quite little things, in fact. I doesn't know wot to say about beagles. Be rayther *infra dig.*, wouldn't it?" asked he, eyeing his factotum.

"*Infra what?*" exclaimed Pigg.

"*Infra dignitate,*" stammered out Mr. Jorrocks.

"Why, ivery man to his pretension," replied Pigg; "but, for mar pairt, ar should say houtin' was far finer fun nor diggin' taties."

"Ah, you misunderstand me, I see," observed Mr. Jorrocks; "I mean to say that it will hardly do for an ex-'M.F.H.' to keep 'arriers."

"Hoots, ye and your X. 'M.F.H.'s! A hont's a hont. Call them *mine*, if you like. Sink, ar wonder what mar cousin Deavilboger wad say, to hear tell ar'd set up a pack o' h'unds! See Mr. Pigg's h'unds in the papers!"

"That would be a go!" replied Mr. Jorrocks.

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"Yer tied to have a pack," observed Pigg, interrupting a reverie into which his master had fallen. "What the devil are ye to de with yoursel' all the winter? ye canna gan glowering about the country with your bull, makin' fond speeches at fairs, and ye say the birds winna wait for you to shut them—ye'll get as fat as a bullock!"

"Let's see the 'ounds," observed Mr. Jorrocks, getting his hat, desirous of putting an end to so uncomplimentary a conversation.

"Come this way," replied Pigg, leading the way, "ar's gotten them in the stable."

* * * * *

"Here Jovey," exclaimed Pigg to his acquaintance, who was taking his ease in the kitchen. "T'ard squire wants to see hunds."

Forth sallied a very dog-stealer-looking fellow, clad in a very greasy-collar'd cut-away brown coat with fancy buttons, tartan waistcoat, drab breeches, and square-toed leggings buttoning over the knee cap, and thick shoes.

"Your servant, sir," said he, ducking a thick, black, curly head, surmounting a copper-coloured face, to Mr. Jorrocks.

The hounds were a most primitive lot. A couple

of blue mottled beagles, a couple and a half of black and tan harriers, a couple of large, yellow, twenty-inch, Cumberland drag hounds, with docked sterns, and a couple and a half of long backed, long eared, dew-lapped, crooked legged southern hounds, that could run under the bellies of the drag hounds.

"My vig!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as they poured out of the stable, and the southern hounds set up a howl that seemed well calculated to last for ever. The harriers frisked about, and one of the drag hounds dashed at a turkey cock, and very nearly got him down.

"*Steady* there," cried Jovey, running to the rescue, and giving Bouncer a tremendous crack with the couples. "Aye, but ye should see them hont!" cried he to Pigg, anxious for the credit of the establishment.

"Five pounds!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks; "vy, they're only fit to put under a pear tree."

"Ar'll put saddle on t'ard nag," said Pigg, without noticing his master's observation, "and ye can ride up t' fell, and see sport like; ar kens where there's a hare sittin."

"Vell," said Mr. Jorrocks aloud to himself,

"I can go and see the fun at all events; looking costs nothin': but I should'nt like the editor o' Bell's Life, or none o' the sportin' perihodicals to see me." So saying, our friend was quickly on Dickey Cobden, and set off by the road for the high ground, while Pigg and his "acquittance," with the motley pack at their heels, took the short cut through the fields.

It was a fine autumnal day, moist, without much sunshine. The cobwebs hung upon the bushes, and the heavy night dew remained in full force where the sun had not touched.

"Shouldn't wonder if there's a scent," observed Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the dew under the wall.

On our friend rode, gradually rising the high hill on the south side of the valley, above the village of Hillingdon, the enclosures getting larger and larger as he approached the table land of the summit, which had lately been heathery common, and was divided into those great fields that generally denote recent enclosure. Mr. Jorrocks stopped to puff as he gained the summit of the hill, under the usual "corpulent gentleman's" excuse of admiring the land-

scape. It was a fine prospect too. The silvery thread of the sparkling river wound among well wooded banks, whose trees were now diversified with all the rich autumnal tints. The river separated fertile pastures of alluvial soil, mingled with the bright coloured stubble and rich green turnip fields. The country was thrown into sudden undulating hills, displaying the rude grey stone rocks on the summits of those that were not capped with plantations or forest trees.

"Now," said Pigg, coming up with Jovey and the motley pack, "here's a grand country for a hont. Sink, ar believe we may trail up tiv her," added he, dashing the dew from the heath with his foot. "Which is your finder now?" asked he of his friend.

"This yean," replied Jovey, pointing to a little fat blue-mottled bitch, with very bright prominent gazelle sort of eyes, looking more like a dowager's lap-dog than a hound.

"What de ye call her?" asked Pigg.

"Trusty," replied his friend; adding, "*yooi* trusty, good bitch."

Trusty acknowledged the compliment by wagging her fat stern.

“Then let’s uncouple her,” said Pigg, “and see if she can make ought of the trail : ar kens where she’ll be sittin, but we may as well see if the hunds can tell us.”

Accordingly, the plethoric Trusty was released from one of the dock-tailed drag-hounds, called Tapster, which Jovey kept in the couple by his side. Trusty then began her inquiries. First, she dashed a little semicircle in advance, sniffing and smelling with curious nose at every bit of heather or tufty grass against which the game might have brushed ; Pigg looking on with critical eye, calculating when she was likely to hit it off. Presently Trusty began to feather, but spoke not.

“Sink, she’s been there !” exclaimed Pigg, eyeing the bitch, and getting forward himself to see if he could prick puss upon a sandy piece of ground formed by the rain washing over a cart track.

“Aye, has she,” added he, stooping and pricking her.

Trusty now gave a flourish and a whimper, and then struck forward with a scent and full note.

“Keep them i’ the couples, Jovey,” exclaimed

Pigg, as Trusty's note drew a deep lengthened howl from the southern hounds, and the dragmen and harriers dashed to get to her. "Sink, ar say, get a-had on em!" added he, as a couple of the southern hounds caught the fat little bitch in the rear, and sent her sprawling neck and crop a few yards in advance. "Sink, ar say, get a had on em!" added he, "or they'll play the varra deuce with t'ard bitch."

Pigg ran to Trusty's rescue, who, sadly disconcerted at this uncourteous treatment, lay yelping and sprawling on her back. "Poor thing!" said Pigg, taking her up in his arms and patting her pretty sleek sides, "did they upset thee?" asked he, putting her face towards his; "they shanna come nigh thee again though," added he, coaxing her, as he set her down on her legs, saying, as he patted her, "Now, canny bitch, try for her again."

Trusty, however, was sadly disconcerted, and some minutes elapsed before she had sufficiently recovered her composure to proceed with the unravelment of the Gordian knot of puss's rambles. At last she touched a scent, and, forgetting her grievance, set too again as briskly as ever. Mr.

Jorrocks sat on Dickey Cobden, eyeing her critical examinations and bustling movements.

"Ah, she's a grand bitch!" exclaimed Pigg, she's worth five punsds hersel," added he, pointing her to his master.

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Jorrocks, thinking he'd never give it.

She now made a wider flourish forward; and again a whimper, followed by a full note, proclaimed her on the line of the morning scent.

"She'll be i' yon whin," observed Pigg, in a whisper, to his master, pointing to a patch of gorse on a hill side at a little distance. "Ye keep them great beggars quiet," added he, turning to Jovey, who was well nigh pulled away by the united exertions of the nine hounds, all striving to get "to cry."

On Trusty went, now bustling and flourishing, now stopping and turning, to pick puss's trail step by step; now twisting and bending as she had done whenever a green blade had tempted her out of her way. Pigg was right as to puss's line. Trusty's tender nose led her towards the gorse patch, and Jovey, by Pigg's request, having given the noisy hounds a crack on the head a piece, to

keep them quiet, stood while the bitch worked the trail towards it.

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Now she got among the green prickly furze, and sniffed this way and that among the straggling bushes, while Pigg peered in to see if he could detect puss sitting. Now he took his stick and gently divided the bushes, lifting up those that laid low, and poking the grassy tufts in the neighbourhood. No puss.

* * * * *

"Sink, she's gean on," said he, filling his mouth with tobacco, and eyeing the bitch flourishing outside. "Ar ken where she is, thoogh," continued he, eyeing some brown rushes higher up. "How way! canny man, how way!" cried he to his master, waving his arm onwards, "she's oop hill!"

"*Sink, ar sees her!*" at length cried he, catching the little bitch up in his arms as she was rolling more noisily and energetically upwards.

"Vere, James? Vere?" exclaimed Mr. Jor-rocks.

"Had thee, gob," said he, "had thee, gob," repeated he, putting his finger to his nose; "ye

tak' t'ard bitch down to Jovey, and then ye come back and we'll put her away quietly, and lay hands on after she gets fairly started." So saying, Pigg put Trusty on to Mr. Jorrocks's saddle-pommel, and our worthy squire trotted down hill with her to Jovey.

* * * * *

Our friend was quickly back, all anxious for the start.

"Vere is she now, James?" exclaimed he, as with staring eye-balls he jerked and jagged Dickey Cobden up the hill. "*Vere is she, I say?*" repeated he, looking all ways but the right.

"*Why, here!*" said Pigg; "God sink, ye'r lookin' half a mile off!"

"*Vere?*" again exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as wise as before.

"*God bliss mar soule!* t'ard man must be blind," said Pigg; "why, here she's, just aside ye, not two yards frae your huss's foot."

* * * * *

"Get off t'ard nag," said Pigg; seeing his master could not catch the place, "and ar'll shew ye her," added he, laying hold of Dickey Cobden's bridle. "Now thou sees yon bit rough grass,"

said Pigg, pointing to a tuft two or three yards in advance.

“ Yes,” said Mr. Jorrocks.

“ Why, then, doesn’t thou see her great muckle eyes starin’ at ye ? ” asked Pigg.

“ No,” replied Mr. Jorrocks.

“ No ! ” exclaimed Pigg ; “ why, thou *must* be blind. Here, tak’ mar stick,” said he, “ and give her a poke,” handing Mr. Jorrocks his oaken staff.

Our friend then went as directed.

“ Touch her *a hint*,” said Pigg, motioning his master which way to use the stick.

Mr. Jorrocks did so, and out puss started.

“ *My vig ! there she goes !* ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as a great hanging hare bounced out before him ; “ who’d have thought there was anything but a tuft of grass ? ” added he, climbing on to Dickey Cobden to be ready for a start.

Pigg shaded the sun from his eyes with his hand, while he ran up the hill and watched puss’s course.

“ Vy don’t you lay on the ’ounds ? ” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, astonished at Pigg’s slowness.

“ Let her get cannily away first,” said Pigg,

running on to the brow of the hill to watch her course. Presently he returned. "Now, then, sit quietly there," said he to his master, "while Jovey uncouples the hunds, and we'll just let them take up the scent by theirsels."

Pigg then went to Jovey, and the motley lot were soon uncoupled, frisking, howling, and towling, according to their respective makes.

"Gan quietly up hill," said Pigg, "she's away o'er back on it, just past low end of quarry like."

The drag-hounds dashed forward expecting to be laid on the line; while the southern hounds, Jingler, Jumper, and Towler, having struck a trail scent, sat on their haunches, proclaiming, with upturned heads to heaven, the grand intelligence, bringing the beagles and harriers to them to confirm their story and partake of the scent. On they went, slow and sure; now a blue mottle, now a southern; now a southern, now a blue mottle; proclaiming, and the rest certifying the truth of the statements. Presently they worked up to puss's form; and then there was such a rush at it, as if they would eat the very grass of which it was composed.

"Get them forrard, Jovey," said Pigg, "or,

sink them, they'll sing there all day; and let's put the couples on to them greet yellow hunds, or they'll kill her at view," added he, coaxing one of the dock-tail drag-hounds towards him.

The pack was now reduced to four couple, of which the black and tan harriers seemed inclined to take the lead. They all clustered on the scent, and each hound having satisfied himself that there was no mistake, they dropped their sterns and began to run.

"Now they'll gan!" exclaimed Jovey, eyeing them, adding, "*A, they're a grand lot!*"

Forward they went, all in a cluster, much music and little progress; and just as they swung a cast to assure themselves that puss had passed a gate, the great drag-hounds broke away from Jovey, and served the pack the same trick with the couples that they had practised upon Trusty.

"Sink them brutes!" exclaimed Pigg; "ar've a good mind to fell them," added he, eyeing the pack scattered and sprawling in all directions.

"Stop till t'others get o'er the wall," replied Jovey; "we'll be shot on 'em then."

Jovey was a true prophet. The hare, after passing the quarry, had struck through a meuse

in the wall a little lower down, through which the big hounds could not pass; and Pigg having fastened the gate as soon as his master got into the field, the great dock-tailed drag-hounds were left yammering, yelping, and jumping, each pulling the other back as he attempted the wall. Puss had taken along the inside of the wall, and the scent being good, the pack lengthened out like a telescope, and away they went at a famous pace, Pigg and Jovey running their best, and Mr. Jorrocks rising in his stirrups and holding Dickey Cobden hard by the head.

“Beautiful country!” exclaimed our friend, casting his eye over the vast enclosures, some fifty, others near a hundred acres; “I’d no idea there was sich a country about ’ome,” added he. “Hooi, you, sir!” exclaimed he to a man at plough in the adjoining enclosure; “run and open me that ere gate!” pointing towards one to which they were fast approaching.

The man obeyed orders, and Mr. Jorrocks trotted through. The hounds now turned a little to the left, but Mr. Jorrocks seeing a cart track, and knowing that it would lead to a gate or place of exit, preferred keeping his own line

to running the risk of being pounded. The next fence was a young quickset one, protected by a rail, over which the hounds quickly scrambled, and then, having passed through a small turnip field near a shepherd's hut, they came to a very high boundary-wall that seemed to present an insuperable barrier to further progress; Mr. Jor-rocks ran his eyes up and down the wall, but could see nothing like a gate. It was a long, straight, formal newly-built thing, with the coping-stone dashed with lime. The hounds could no more get over it than could our friend, and with loud clamour they all threw up.

“*Olloo !* you chap with the red tye !” cried our now puffing friend to a shepherd who had just appeared outside in his cabin; “vy don’t ye come and ’elp these ere ’ounds over the wall, and *me* over the wall?” adding to himself, “or I’ll summons you for an assault.”

The man came, and pulling up a flag from before a square aperture in the wall, the hounds got through, and, casting themselves on the far side, quickly took up the scent again.

“Vell, but ’ow am I to get over?” inquired

Mr. Jorrocks, staring at the man, adding, "you don't s'pose I can squeeze through there?"

"There's no way for you but round by Tommy Miller's," replied the man.

"Ow far's that?" asked Mr. Jorrocks.

"Three-quarters of a mile, and better; just to the right by yonder cottage, see," pointing to a dwelling on the outline of the hill, up to which the wall ran.

"Confound it, that's not the way the 'ounds are goin'!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, as he stood erect in his stirrups, and saw them bending to the left, with Pigg and Jovey running inside them.

"Well, then, there's no way in," replied the man, "till you come to Mr. Coxon's boundary-wall, and the gate's kept locked."

"Ord rot the beggar!" exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, "I wish he had the padlock on his nose; was ever sich an uncivilized wall as this seen? D'ye think I could squeeze through there?" inquired he, pointing to the place through which the hounds had passed.

"No doubt," replied the man, "no doubt; but what will you do with your nag?"

“Vy, I must leave him with you,” replied Mr. Jorrocks, clambering down. “It’s only an ’are ’unt, and we’ll soon be done; valk him about quietly till I return, and I’ll give you a shillin’,” added he.

So saying, our bulky friend laid flat on the ground, and, heels first, backed and squeezed through the hole in the wall. Up he scrambled, and, seeing the hounds rather tying on the scent, and Pigg and Jovey on a neighbouring eminence, Mr. Jorrocks rolled away quite fresh, the tassels of his Hessian boots clattering against his legs as he went.

“*Forrard away!*” cried he, as the hounds settled again to the scent, with all his old hunting energy, and away they all went full cry.

* * * * *

The enclosure was a large one, but being in grass, and the ground sound, our fat friend made a good fight across it. He was rather blown, however, when he came to the stone wall at the far side; and after he had lifted Trusty and Towler, who were in a somewhat similar predicament, over, he found he would be better of a little assistance himself. Twice his toes slipped

out of the places he attempted to get them in, but a third effort succeeded in landing him on the top, where he sat for a minute eyeing the

“Strange confusion in the vale below,”

and taking breath.

The hare had run into a brushwood covered bank, forming one side of a small dell, through which ran a purling brook, and the southern hounds could not satisfy themselves that she had gone on. They made several advances towards the front, where old fat Trusty bustled with the scent, and as often returned to where they had last felt it themselves, as much as to say they did not believe her.

“Cuss your unbelievin’ souls,” muttered Mr. Jorrocks to himself, as he sat eyeing their proceedings; “those psalm-singin’ beggars require every step to be sworn to,” added he.

At last one of the black and tan harriers carried the scent out on to the fallow across the brook, and putting his head straight down the furrow, went away at a rattling pace across a very rough fallow.

* * * * *

“By jingo! they’re away again!” exclaimed Mr. Jorrocks, who had not half recovered his wind.

He slid himself down the side of the wall, to the great damage of the Jorrockian jacket-buttons, and prepared to follow notwithstanding. Patter, patter, patter, went the Hessian boot-tassels—blunder, blunder, blunder, went Mr. Jorrocks among the hard clods. Now up, now down; now along the furrow, now across the ridge.

“Oh, dear! it’s ’ard work!” said he to himself, before he had got half across the field, and he saw the hounds were running away from him. “Oh, dear! vot a pain I’ve got in my side!” added he, stopping, and clapping his hand to his side.

* * * * *

On again he went, still tripping and stumbling across the fallow, with “bellows to mend” becoming more apparent at every step.

“Odd rot it, but I can’t run as I used,” added he, stopping, and clapping his hand to his forehead.

* * * * *

On again he went, unwilling to give in.

A little strip of grass by the wall now rather favoured him, and as he jogged up it he heard the hounds more distinctly, though he had no time for looking.

“’Ard work ’unting on foot,” gasped he, as he approached the cross wall. A projecting stone favoured his footing, and he mounted pretty briskly, just in time to see the hounds bend inward to the left.

“Thank God, they’re a turnin’!” said he, as he pulled out a great blue and white-spotted Bandana, and began mopping his head.

“How way, canny man! how way!” holloed Pigg, waving his hat in the distance for his master to come on.

“Werry good how wayin’,” grunted Mr. Jor-rocks; “but we’re not all sich ’erring-gutted beggars as you, wot can run all day.” However, our friend complied with the request by dropping down the wall, and again started away in a trot.

It was a very poor one a mere make believe, and he would have got on quite as quick in a walk. Patter, patter, patter, still he went, puffing and wheezing, puffing and wheezing.

* * * * *

A projecting root at last caught his toe, and sent him rolling heavily over on the headland.

"There's a go!" said he, turning over, and seeing he had split his drab stockingnette tights at the knees, and crushed his low-crowned hat in. "Vell, can't be 'elped," said he, scrambling up, and adjusting the hat as he went.

Our friend, however, was beat, and before he got half over the next field he acknowledged it. "Well, its no use!" exclaimed he, dropping down into a walk, as he eyed the hounds growing

"Small by degrees, and beautifully less,"

as they followed each other in long drawn file up the rising ground in the distance. "*It's no use,*" repeated he, with a melancholy shake of the head. "It's all U. P. with J. J. Ah!" continued he, "*age will tell! I never thought to come to this,*" added he, with a deep sigh. "I'm gettin' an *old* man," said he, in a low tone as he laid his hand on the wall to hoist himself up.

* * * * *

"Vell, I've had a fine time on it," added he, seating himself astride it, for a view; "werry fine time on it. Deal o' shug! deal o' barley shug!

deal o' sugar-candy too ! but my day's gone by. I feels I'm one o' the 'as beens. Melancholy thought !" ejaculated he, "who'd have thought it twenty years ago, or ten—aye, or even five, or yet one ? Howsomever, never mind ; care killed the cat ! Dash my vig, I do believe 'ere comes the 'are !"

Sure enough it was puss coming lobbing along, inside the wall that joined the one across which our worthy friend was seated. She was coming at an easy listening sort of pace, with her trumpet ears pricked to catch the sound of her pursuers.

They were a long way behind, and puss knew it.

"Dash my vig, but she's a fine un !" observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing her white legs, clean fur, and vigorous canter. "Will take the shine out o' Trusty and Co., before she's done, I guess. It can't be the 'unted 'are," continued he, eyeing her fresh appearance, as she sat listening and looking at our fat friend seated astride the wall. Having satisfied her curiosity, puss gave a tremendous jump backwards, and running her foil a short distance, quietly disappeared through a hedge, a little above where it joined the wall.

"It is *her* though ; and yonder come Jovey and

Pigg," added Mr. Jorrocks, looking at the two toiling in the distance, with the hounds towling along a little on the left. "'Ope they've got their nightcaps with them," observed Mr. Jorrocks, eyeing their pace.

* * * * *

"*Which way? which way?*" cried Pigg, as soon as he got within hearing.

"To the left," cried Mr. Jorrocks, waving his hat; adding "*she's dead beat!*"

"Glad on't, for wor hunds are maist beat tee. And Trusty's run hersel into fits, and Boisterous and Thunderer are baith done," replied Pigg.

The pack being thus reduced, Pigg and Jovey had to do the work of hounds as well as huntsmen; keeping a look out for puss, and pricking her where they could. They had now to run with the hounds, instead of keeping inside them on the high ground. This, however, did not require any great exertion, for the hounds had long settled down into what hackney-coachmen call Parliament pace—six miles an hour.

"They von't ketch her," grunted Mr. Jorrocks to himself, lowering himself down the wall, thinking he might chance to see the finish with

so reduced and dribbling a pack. As if to thwart our friend, the hounds took to running as soon as he got established on his legs and had started into an involuntary trot. It was, however, a very short one. The stitch in his side soon returned, and in less than two minutes our old friend was *hors de combat*.

“There’s an end of *my* ’unting,” said he, dropping on to a large stone and bursting into tears.

END OF VOL. II.



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